The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1931 NUMBER 864

Contents

The Week 135

Editorials

Mr. Hoover's Defense 138
Can Radio Be Rescued? 139

General Articles

The Germans at Chequers ..... H. N. Brailsford 141
Men Without Machines: II ..... Stuart Chase 143
Fairy Tale (verse) ..... Sylvia Townsend Warner 146
Open Shop at Boulder Dam ..... Judson King 147
Sweden Cuts the Cost of Living ..... Marquis W. Childs 148
I Want a Job ..... Martha B. Higley 151
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 152
The Americanization of Europe ..... C. K. Bauer 153
The Mystic (verse) ..... Winifred Welles 154

Correspondence 155

Reviews of Books

Dos Passos' Gifts ..... Granville Hicks 157
Invisible Exports ..... George Libaire 158
Our Greatest Judge ..... Robert Morss Lovett 159
North of 60 Degrees ..... Isidor Schneider 160
Book Notes 161

The Week

PRESIDENT Hoover's Indianapolis speech, reported in the newspapers just as The New Republic goes to press, parallels in striking fashion the imaginary defense of his administration which we publish in another column. His remarks may be summed up as a vigorous insistence that whatever he is doing is right and whatever his opponents propose is wrong. He stands firmly by the Smoot-Hawley tariff law, insisting that it is not responsible for our troubles; indeed, he carries the war into the enemy's camp by arguing that tariffs of foreign countries, which have curtailed our exports, are responsible for much of the depression. The only alteration of our taxation system which he suggests is one to relieve the rich, through abolishing levies on capital gains; he believes the existence of this tax encourages booms and increases the violence of slumps. He again takes his stand against governmental participation in unemployment insurance and against an efficient system of federal employment exchanges, going out of his way to misrepresent the purpose and effect of the Wagner bill, which he vetoed at the end of the last session of Congress. By interpreting the immigration law in a fashion which Congress certainly did not intend, the present administration has succeeded in practically suspending the entrance of aliens, a policy which he announced that he will continue. He makes cautious reference to the need of modifying the Federal Reserve System so that funds will not be diverted from productive purposes to speculation, and points to the obvious necessity of modifying our banking system so that depositors will get the protection which they now so painfully lack.

OF PARTICULAR interest was his "twenty year plan" for America. Answering those who have pointed to Russia's Five Year Plan and have demanded something similar to it, the President makes the extraordinary announcement that our very planlessness is itself a plan, because America is growing! He says in the next twenty years we shall add 20,000,000 to our population, build 4,000,000 new homes for them, increase our farm productivity 20 percent and improve our standard of living, which, he says, is already the highest in the world. "We plan to secure a greater diffusion of wealth, a decrease in poverty and a great reduction in crime. And this plan will be carried out if we just keep on giving the American people a chance. Its impulsive force is in the character and spirit of our people."

IT IS so easy to answer Mr. Hoover on specific details that it is hardly worth doing. He is evidently ignorant of the studies made by population experts, which show that we are rapidly approaching a stationary or declining population, so that it is highly improbable that we shall add 20,000,000 persons in the next twenty years; even our present birth and death rates would add but 15,000,000 while our birth rate is rapidly falling and the death rate is almost certain to rise as the average age of the population increases. The statement that we shall build 4,000,000 houses in the next twenty years is of course a wild guess; we may or may

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not. But it is sure that the average American workingman today cannot afford to own a house, or to live in one specially built for him. As for Mr. Hoover's happy anticipation that farm produce will be increased 20 percent, the American farmer is today on the verge of bankruptcy because of his unsalable surplus, and the government's elaborate plans for helping him are patently breaking down before our eyes. If this surplus is to be increased, may Heaven succor him!—for Mr. Hoover himself obviously has not the slightest idea how.

MORE important than his erroneous statistics and dubious economics, however, is the color of Mr. Hoover's mind as revealed again in his Indianapolis speech. He shows himself a true Bourbon: he has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, as a result of his painful and humiliating experience of the past eighteen months. He sticks to his old formulas, undoubtedly in all sincerity, because he has not the mental elasticity to learn new ones and because, like everyone else in the world, he is intent on "saving face," on jusifying his conduct, first to himself and second to everyone else. It is entirely possible that the depression will have begun to end before next year's election, and in that case there is at least a chance that the voting public shepherded by the special interests which are so well served with a man like Mr. Hoover in the White House, will keep him there another four years. But we do not see how any intelligent man who wants this country made better, can conscientiously vote for him. It should now be clear to all that this circle of ideas is grotesquely inadequate to the new situation at home and abroad into which we have come.

THE President's speech at the dedication of the Harding memorial was notable in at least one respect: he plucked up sufficient courage to mention the scandals of the Ohio Gang. For the rest, however, it is not a pretty chapter in his political career. This memorial had been waiting years to be dedicated; it is well understood in Washington that both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge had previously refused to have anything to do with it. Now, with a presidential year approaching, with Ohio a pivotal state for the Republicans, and with Harding's former cronies still firmly in control of the state political organization, Mr. Hoover was put in the position where refusal to attend the unveiling might conceivably cost him the next election. Accordingly he gritted his teeth and went through with it. This is practical politics; it is not the stuff they put into the textbooks when writing about the glories and nobility of American statesmanship.

THOUGH the model anti-injunction bill has not yet passed Congress, similar bills have recently become laws in Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. If held valid by the courts and applied in good faith by judges, these laws will prevent injunctions from being used recklessly by employers as strike-breaking weapons. They declare as a public policy the right of workers to bargain collectively with employers through representatives of their own choosing; employers cannot obtain injunctions if they have failed to confer or to employ other legitimate means to settle a strike. The rights of peaceful picketing and all orderly and normal strike activities are defined and assured: these cannot be enjoined. Injunctions cannot be issued to prevent workers from violating "yellow-dog contracts," which attempt to bind them not to join a union. Before an injunction can be issued, there must be a threat of irreparable damage to life or property, which the police cannot or will not prevent. If a preliminary restraining order is issued, there must be within five days a hearing in open court to determine the facts, with the right of cross-examination. This ends the practice of issuing such orders for long periods, on the basis merely of ex-parte affidavits submitted by the employers. In case a striker is accused of violating an injunction, he need not be tried by and sentenced at the will of the judge whom he is supposed to have defied, as in the past. He can demand trial by jury under another judge, and specific penalties for guilt are provided. Wisconsin was already ahead of other states in injunction legislation, and passage of this law there is not so surprising, but Pennsylvania workers may indeed be congratulated. To Nathan Greene and Felix Frankfurter, who drafted the model bill after thorough study, to the American Civil Liberties Union, which has agitated for it, and to many trade unionists and legislators who supported it, is due the credit for this great advance.

THE New Republic has repeatedly in the past fifteen years found it necessary to disagree with the ideas of the National Civic Federation, and to object to its activities. We are therefore delighted to find it now taking over in large part a suggestion which we have urged vigorously and repeatedly in these columns—that of a national plan for America. It has sent a letter to 500 leading industrialists asking them to attend a congress for the purpose of laying down a ten-year plan for our national economic life. The purpose would be to determine the quantities of goods of various sorts which ought to be produced both for home use and for export, and to assign quotas to the various industries. The suggested basis, so far as labor is concerned, is the six-hour day and the five-day week, and it is part of the original proposal, made by Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, that wages ought to be increased so that the average would rise above the present "pittance of $1,308 a year." The aim of the National Civic Federation is, of course, to pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vent action by the federal government to the same end—not under Mr. Hoover, but perhaps under his successor in office. We take it for granted, moreover, that the industrialists whom it will assemble—assuming that the congress ever meets—will be much more reactionary and short-sightedly selfish than the summons sent them implies. We should be greatly surprised if they were capable of joint action actually moving toward a national plan for America which involved a serious lessening of their profits—and any plan actually beneficial to the whole country would certainly have to do that. Nevertheless, we are glad to see the Civic Federation thinking along these lines. It is useful propaganda for a scheme which will eventually override both the Federation and the industrialists to whom it now appeals.

DURING the fiscal year ending June 30, 1930, the Department of State issued 209,211 passports, almost all of which were used for European travel. During the present fiscal year, it is estimated that the number of new and renewed passports will be no greater than 156,715. Most of the decrease fell in recent months, especially in May, when only 24,031 new passports were issued, as against 43,227 in May, 1930. Echoes of the decline are heard from Germany, where hotel rates have been drastically reduced—from Austria, where tourist agencies report the worst year since 1926—from Spain, where the hotels are as empty as the barns in Arkansas, and where tourist traffic is the lowest in history. The Cunard line has reduced all salaries by 10 percent. The French line is begging for help from the government. When the "Berengaria" landed at Cherbourg early in June, it had exactly 190 first-class passengers, as against more than 700 in its corresponding voyage last year. It is safe to prophesy that the slower pulse of international travel will be felt in still higher circles. For, the goods and services supplied to tourists are among the most important of Europe's invisible exports; as such they have an important bearing on the payment of her debts to the United States. It can be estimated that the average sum expended by each tourist is at least a thousand dollars. This means, in round figures, that the decline from last season's expenditures is more than $50,000,000; and it means that Europe has this much less with which to pay its annual obligations to the creditor nation west of the Atlantic.

AMERICAN college football is one of the huge business enterprises which has suffered from the general depression. Gate receipts have fallen at twenty-five leading universities which reported to the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Bulletin 26 of the Foundation paints another picture than its famous Bulletin 23, though both were written by the same authors. The sporting public, they now say, is transferring its interest and its outlay to other spectacles, notably to professional football, whose economical skill and mature precision are being favorably contrasted with the "comparatively bungling college match." As for the typical undergraduate, his enthusiasm for intercollegiate games is gradually subsiding. Less formal sports—tennis, golf, swimming—are attracting his interest; and there is, moreover, a "growing concern in the colleges over intellectual pursuits." The evils of intercollegiate football are decreasing in proportion with its profitability. Alumni interference, athletic subsidies and scholarships, recruiting and the other abuses described in Bulletin 23 are falling into disfavor generally. The millennium is surely drawing near. The devil, grown sick, is becoming a monk, or at least a novice. It is comforting to think that apprentice icemen and first-class puddlers will no longer be transformed into third-class stock promoters after a heroic and remunerative career at dear old Siwash. On the other hand, it is well to admit that a big college game is the most glorious of all spectacles—for the alumni. Couldn't some substitute be found that would retain their loyalty and give them an equally valid excuse for toting pennants and pocket flasks to the Yale Bowl? Couldn't Harvard, for example, hire Babe Ruth and Kozeluh and Twenty Grand and Jim Londos to represent the university in a general athletic match against Tilden, Lou Gehrig, Primo Carnera and the Coolidge electric horse, all playing for Yale? Couldn't the alumni be satisfied in this fashion—while the students themselves were left to play tennis, or to argue about the logic of the Socratic dialogues and the Defenestration of Prague?

THOUGH most people do not know it, prohibition is not the only subject with which the Wickersham Commission was authorized to grapple. It is also considering several other phases of law enforcement or nonenforcement, including illegal actions by police and courts. One of the outstanding examples of this is, of course, the Mooney-Billings case in California; and it was announced some time ago that a special subcommittee would look into that matter. But now there are rumors that some of the Commissioners object to publishing the report of this subcommittee as a part of their official findings. This is not because they find fault with the researches of their representatives, which are undoubtedly on the highest plane of competence and integrity. It is because the case is regarded as political and troublesome, and as likely to create more controversy for the Commission. We hope that this ca' canny policy will not prevail, and that the Commission will publish the Mooney-Billings report before it winds up its work on July 1. By doing so it could at least partly restore its badly damaged prestige; while suppression of the document would leave it in an even worse position than the rest of Mr. Hoover's various expert committees.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANOTHER of the separate reports of the Wickersham Commission makes a suggestion which is deserving of all praise. It deals with the deportation policy of the United States Department of Labor, and has been compiled for the Commission by Reuben Oppenheimer, a Baltimore attorney. In it an appeals board, of judicial character, is suggested, to which any alien might turn for recourse after his deportation had been ordered and the order sustained by the Secretary of Labor. Similar boards exist in other departments of the government. Our readers know of several recent cases in which the Department of Labor has insisted on deporting aliens on what seem flimsy grounds or none at all, in some cases sending them to a country where they are in great danger of being put to death. The present policy of the Hoover administration is openly anti-foreign to a degree unparalleled in our recent history; it not only keeps out every alien it possibly can, but it is intent on deporting as many as possible, and particularly those who hold radical views or are suspected of doing so. An appeals board would help to remedy what is now a scandalous situation—one which is bringing us into disrepute with the whole world.

Mr. Hoover's Defense

SOME WEEKS ago it was suggested that there be written, as an exercise in irony, the sort of defense which is likely to be made of President Hoover when the campaign of 1932 rolls around. It would picture him as a strong, patient man, unmoved by the slander of his enemies—all of whom were, of course, attacking him for selfish political reasons. With vision to see the great future of America, he would have resisted all the unsound and dangerous proposals for change that had been urged. Placing his faith in the genius of rugged individualism, he would have waited confidently for the dawn of a new and still greater prosperity which was now suffusing the Eastern sky. In these delicate times we should need a calm and conservative leader. It would not do now to propose anything that would frighten business—that timid, palpitating workhorse which would come forth to his labors only when no strange sight or movement existed to make him shy. If we did not remain, as a people, motionless and expectant, we might halt the climb of the sun of prosperity, in whose majestic and inexorable return the President's faith had been so immovably placed. In particular, we must not attack the tariff, for raising the tariff had always made us prosperous and lowering it had always brought disaster. The party of business, the party of prosperity, if now returned to power, would promote our fortunes with that same competent care which it had always exercised. History would recognize in Hoover a worthy successor to the splendid line of Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Coolidge. And so on, ad lib.

The objection to such an exercise was that no matter how pointed the irony might be made, it would scarcely be distinguishable from the real speeches which would be sure to come. And so the piece was not written. The difficulty of the task has now been demonstrated by Mr. Hoover's speech to the Indiana editors, which we discuss in detail elsewhere in this issue, and even better by Senator Fess's remarks to the young Republicans. Even before any approach of business revival is visible, these new commonplaces have begun to be sounded. They will be resounded with tiresome iteration as the months pass. And, by constant iteration, they will become, like any advertising slogan, an article of faith for millions of persons. There is no telling but that they may be the political salvation of the Republicans.

In spite of the obvious inconsistencies involved in such arguments, they do rest on a genuine economic philosophy which it would be foolish not to recognize. If this depression is just a routine dip of the business cycle, it is as certain as anything can be that sometime the curve will turn up again, and that it will be followed by a period which, however unsatisfactory it may be, can be recognized as "prosperity." The chances are strong, if we disregard details and look only at the broad economic experience of the past, that the revival will begin before November, 1932. Even if more than the usual cyclical factors are involved, and we are in for a long period of hard times like that which, beginning in 1873, lasted five and a half years, still it does not follow that the end of capitalism is at hand and that further economic progress may not eventually be made without a drastic change in political or economic policies. Anyone who thinks the depression was caused by specific acts or omissions of a single President will be psychologically prepared to credit him with whatever hope may appear in future months. And anyone who adheres to the policy of a minimum of social control over business is entitled to the solace which he may obtain from the fact that the normal fluctuations of an unplanned and disordered system include high points as well as low ones.

Mr. Hoover's type of economic philosophy was recently given a more scientific expression by Mr. B. M. Anderson, economist of the Chase National Bank. There are two general types of theories about the depression, he says. One, which he discredits, is that it is due to lack of purchasing power. This leads the exponents of its several variants to advocate some type of social or governmental action as a cure—easy money, high wages, or what not. (Mr. Anderson goes even further than Mr. Hoover—he apparently disagrees with the policy of attempting to maintain wage rates.) The other type, which Mr. Anderson believes sound, is that depression is due to lack of balance among an innumerable array of economic factors. Some prices and wages are too high, others are too low. Some things have been overproduced, others underpro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duced. The necessary balance can be achieved only by a complex process of readjustment, carried out by individual shrewdness and effort in every department of economic life. Each business, each farming and laboring group, must readjust itself to the new conditions which it finds. This is a difficult and unpleasant process, but it is now going on, and will eventually result in a new period of prosperity.

There is little doubt that Mr. Anderson is substantially correct in his description of what takes place during a depression, and that the ultimate outcome of this process is revival. But that does not mean that the theories which he rejects are necessarily untrue. Depression may still be characterized by a lack of balance between popular purchasing power and the ability to produce goods for general distribution. Part of the process of readjustment may very well be the achievement of a better balance among wages, prices and profits, real wages gaining, through the mechanism of a fall of prices, at the expense of profits. Nor does it follow that, once something approaching economic equilibrium is achieved, the uncontrolled actions of individuals will maintain it. On the contrary, our trick system will immediately begin to fall off the other side of the slackwire. Prosperity will be quite as unbalanced as depression, and will lead inevitably into another slump.

The opposition to the Hoover propaganda will need to be carefully and thoroughly stated in order to have weight against probable future events. To blame him for a specific depression, and to imply that under him prosperity cannot return, will not do at all. To speak as if this depression were the final debacle of the capitalist economy is to erect defenses for those who contend that under laissez-faire economic progress is possible in the long run. This may be a final collapse, but the chances are a hundred to one that it isn't. Exaggerated pessimism about the immediate future is as foolhardy now as was the exaggerated optimism of 1929.

We need to recognize that even in so-called "prosperity" our system is far from desirable, even if that prosperity could last. There is still poverty, material and spiritual, there are still large areas of low incomes and unemployment, there are still confusion, waste, ugliness, avoidable disease and a prevailing malaise, even when times are good. And, of course, to say that prosperity must follow depression is also to say that depression must follow prosperity. What we want is a planned order, not simply to get rid of this depression, but to prevent others in the future, not simply to speed the return of prosperity as we have known it, but to bring a much better, healthier and more equitably shared prosperity. It is because Mr. Hoover defends a system of thought and action which is at all times incompatible with the highest degree of social welfare in a machine age that he ought to be opposed, not merely because he has had the bad luck to encounter a severe depression in his first term.

Can Radio Be Rescued?

THE RADIO-BROADCASTING industry is getting itself into trouble of several sorts. There is, first, the threat of government action against the most important business unit in the field, for monopolistic practices. There is also a growing popular demand that various quacks and other dishonest persons who are using the radio to exploit their goods and services should be subjected to much more effective regulation than at present. A determined fight will be made in the next session of Congress for a law requiring all commercial broadcasting stations to set aside 15 percent of their time on the air for purely educational material.

The industry as a whole is suffering acutely from the present depression: manufacturers of radio receivers have been going bankrupt, or entering forced mergers, right and left; some of the smaller independent broadcasting stations are operating at a loss, and are only kept from suspending because to do so would cost them their potentially valuable licenses. Most important of all, there are growing signs of dissatisfaction with the outrageously inferior character of much broadcasting today, and particularly with the perpetual sales talk which has become worse and more insistent as times have grown harder. There is now no doubt that the commercial interests are in danger of killing their golden goose. The few minutes of enjoyable music or interesting oratory which are available come too high when, to obtain them, one must listen to wearisome repetitions, delivered in the affected and mincing accents of pseudo-culture, of rhapsodies about somebody's liver pills or breakfast sawdust.

The radio industry has, of course, an answer to its critics, which was stated recently by Henry Adams Bellows, former member of the Federal Radio Commission and now vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. It is a *tu quoque* addressed to the press. Mr. Bellows argues that the American people like advertising, as is evidenced by the pages of newspapers and magazines. But this statement misses the one vital fact in the matter: anyone may skip the advertising in newspaper or magazine if he wishes, but it is impossible to skip the advertising on the radio. If you take the trouble to turn to another station, the same thing is probably going on there, and by the time you return to the first, the things you really wanted to hear may have been ended. What would Mr. Bellows think if The New York Times, reporting on its first page Colonel Lindbergh's flight to Paris, scattered through its articles, in the same type, a few paragraphs extolling the virtues of Peppo Tablets?

Such action would be strictly comparable to what the broadcasters do every day. Even the President of the United States is not exempt from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this commercialism; when he appears before the microphone it is all too likely that some Uriah Heep of an announcer will precede and follow him, explaining that the President was enabled to appear "through the courtesy of" some manufacturer of irradiated underwear or humidified peanut brittle, who had a contract with the broadcaster for the particular segment of eternity which was employed. It takes a highly commercialized country and a President personally consecrated to business not to resent such a thing as an insult to the office of Chief Executive. Certainly it would cause a reverberating scandal in Great Britain, which has so long cheerfully accepted the appellation, "a nation of shopkeepers."

In view of our situation, the recent remarks of Sir John Reith at the conference of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education must have seemed to many of his hearers like a friendly rubbing of salt in an open wound. Sir John expressed himself as astonished that Americans should be willing to turn over this marvelous instrument for communication so completely to the semi-sweet uses of advertisement. (The broadcasters, to be sure, are always telling us that only one-third of their offerings are now paid for; but they neglect to add that the other two-thirds are at times of day when few people are able to listen and still fewer want to.) Sir John explained to his hearers the British system, under which no advertising whatever is permitted on the air. Broadcasting is in the hands of a single corporation licensed and strictly controlled by the government, which looks upon it as an important cultural and recreational agency and not primarily as a device for selling goods. Every owner of a receiving set pays a tax of $2.50 a year; much of this money goes to the Post Office Department for its own purposes, but the remainder (it is at present about $5,500,000 annually) is more than ample to carry the expense of providing excellent programs. While they are far from perfect, that they are, on the average, far superior to those in the United States anyone may easily see by comparing half a dozen from each of the two countries, item by item.

The American broadcaster argues that our problems are particularly difficult because of the size of the United States. No one station can cover the whole country, as is possible in England; hence the chains, whose stations are tied to one another by long-distance telephone wires. This involves great expense, which is met by selling time on the air. To this the answer is that only occasionally, for the broadcasting of some news event such as a national election or a championship prizefight, is such a chain actually necessary; and if the interests behind the radio were not so closely identified with the telephone organization, we should see a very different and much less expensive arrangement. One alternative is broadcasting from one station to others which pick up and rebroadcast, as is now done to some extent across the Atlantic. Another plan is the making of electrically produced phonograph records, which can be distributed to the stations and used by them at their convenience. Such phonograph records, although strictly taboo on one of the leading chains, are frequently used on the other, and are quite as effective as broadcasting "in person," or more so. If the enormous sums now spent for long-distance telephone wires were saved and the money put into improvement of the programs, the effect should be little short of miraculous.

What is said above should not be read as implying that there are no good programs available to American listeners today. There are a number of excellent regular offerings in each of the chief types, provided one has the patience to search them out. They add up, however, into such a small proportion of the total broadcasting from all stations that they do not counterbalance the inferior material, at least in the opinion of many reasonably cultured people, who either refuse to get a radio set or, after experimenting for longer or shorter periods of time, have stopped listening.

We are told, of course, that the British experience is no precedent for the United States; that what is being done across the Atlantic is "too paternalistic," is "not the American way." Perhaps this is true; though it seems a pity that our national character should doom us to permanent inferiority; and certainly this hardly seems a reason for rejoicing, which the broadcasters try to make it. Possibly, as a stopgap, a compromise might be effected. If there were, let us say, one station or one chain of them, owned and operated by the government or conducted on a non-profit-making basis through an endowment by private philanthropy, the commercial broadcasters might be forced through competition to give less of their time to advertising, and to improve the quality of their offerings in general. At any rate, as things are now going, something will have to be done, and done quickly, to rescue radio if its use is not to be confined to invalids, lonely ranchers and others who will turn to it only in desperation when there is absolutely nothing else to do.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. C. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Germans at Chequers

THE VISIT of the German statesmen to British ministers at Chequers heralds a new phase in the interminable operation of revising the Versailles Treaty. The life of an entire generation will have been wasted before the scars which passion inflicted are obliterated, and at each adjustment one asks whether these temporizing physicians will operate radically and promptly enough to avert a new eruption of madness and fever. There is nothing remarkable about this meeting, save the fact that it startled Europe and exasperated the French. That it should be unprecedented in the post-war diplomatic life of Europe is itself a commentary on the slow movement of diplomacy. The emotional strain which kept the ex-enemies apart, for some years after the War, disappeared long ago in the attitude of the two peoples toward each other. The visit, especially if it is returned, should do something to break down the consciousness of isolation under which the Germans suffer, but it will fail, unless it marks some progress in dealing with a critical phase of Europe's economic and political life, graver and more alarming than anything which she has experienced since the French invaded the Ruhr.

The foreground of this restless picture is plainly visible. No one supposes that the reference of the legal aspects of the Austro-German Customs Union to the World Court has gained more than a few months of delay. A clear and unanimous declaration that the project is illegal might give it its quietus; but a favorable verdict would answer the demands of justice rather better, while a divided or ambiguous opinion is the probable outcome. In either of these latter events, the political problem remains as acute as ever. Next in the foreground come the financial embarrassments of the German government. It economizes savagely; it cuts wages and salaries drastically; it taxes ruthlessly, but still it is wrestling with a prospective deficit which may run to seventy-five million dollars. The business depression has struck its industry with the force of a tornado, and its only comfort is that it possesses an elaborate system of registration, relief and statistics which permits it to know the worst with elaborate accuracy. Some fifty-four millions of employed persons (reckoning families) are maintaining in reluctant idleness ten million unemployed. As in Great Britain, the actuarial reckonings of the insurance scheme have broken hopelessly under the abnormal burden. It was inevitable, under this strain, that the German people and its government should both recollect that the Young Plan provides for a moratorium in such emergencies, and even permits the German government to free itself by a one-sided declaration of distress. That is a course, however, which would have its inconveniences. It might injure Germany's credit: it would certainly cause grave embarrassment and consequent resentment among the powers which receive her tribute. It would tear a gaping rent in the fabric of the British budget, and would compel the British taxpayer, already convinced that the last endurable limits have been reached, to find the interest on the American debt. That is why, with a strong case for consideration, the German government wisely prefers to talk over its difficulties at Chequers, rather than resort to unilateral action.

The moment conversations begin, one is driven from this restless foreground to explore the dim recesses of a vague but perilous background. Behind the economic trouble and the Customs Union controversy, there looms up the alarming prospect of the disarmament conference, which is to meet in February, 1932. If arming is risky, disarming is a raging peril. The connection may not seem obvious, and yet in the European complex it is inevitable. If the French were content to see in this Austro-German arrangement a simple matter of business, they might have contemplated it without undue emotion. It is that; but it is certainly more. Germany will expand her market by about 10 percent, and she will gain the collaboration of Viennese experience in penetrating the peculiar business world of the former Hapsburg dominions and the Balkan states. Austria, hemmed in by hostile tariffs and struggling with chronic bankruptcy, stands to gain vastly more. But this is, as the French divine, and doubtless with reason, the first step toward the political union, the *Anschluss,* which the Treaty of St. Germain tyrannically forbade. This nucleus might attract other states to itself—Rumania, as is well known, was for a time tempted to join it—and this would involve a change in their habitual motions, from the French to a German orbit. Finally, one has the suspicion that in this move the Germans are testing the solidity of the whole French system, based upon the treaties. For the first time since the treaty of amity with Russia was concluded by Rathenau at Rapallo, Germany has taken an initiative. Is it a first step, which would lead, if success should attend it, to others? Is it, to be plain, the beginning of an effort on Germany's part to act as a Great Power and free herself from the fetters of Versailles? This is the French reading of it, and this is what M. Briand meant, when he described it as a threat to European peace. A challenge it certainly is to the leadership of the French: it means

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a breach in the enchanted circle within which they seek to hold Germany paralyzed and incapable of movement.

No one familiar with French habits of thought could fail to predict the reaction to this suspicion. It has meant a bristling of all the porcupine quills of enmity and fear, which for several years had lain quiescent. It has provided more than one official declaration that disarmament on the part of France is now more than ever impossible. The soldier of peace—for so France sees herself—dare drop not the lightest detail of her panoply. It seemed, indeed, while one listened to these utterances, that the disarmament conference might as well save itself the trouble of meeting. One does not remember that the attitude of France at previous disarmament conferences was exactly helpful. This memory, however, brings no comfort, for if France contributed nothing to the cause of disarmament while the German peril was dormant, how much less than nothing must we expect when she sees it rampant?

This first reaction was soon followed by another, for the policy of this nation never lacks subtlety. France set herself to show that while the system of the treaties must remain rigid and intact in its political and military aspects, it is elastic in its economic bearings, and may be modified indefinitely for the benefit even of the vanquished. In this spirit M. Briand and his colleagues strove, at the recent meetings in Geneva, to present an ambitious alternative to the Austro-German Customs Union. Austria should have an outlet: her neighbors of the Little Entente should offer her preferential tariff treatment. A market in western Europe should be assured for the unsalable wheat of the eastern agricultural states, and the flow of capital, on a concerted and scientific plan, should be canalized in their direction. International cartels should be encouraged, as instruments of price stabilization. No one felt any strong belief in the feasibility of this large but nebulous scheme, and it was clear that while the French were talking economics, they were in fact thinking politics. Given the immense reserves of capital which France holds for export, she was manifestly seeking to consolidate her hegemony in Europe by a financial as well as a military leadership. She must counter Germany's initiative, but if that Power would resume the modesty becoming to the vanquished, she should not regret it. More than one form of accommodation was possible: she might even hope for a loan.

The British Foreign Office reacted somewhat differently to the German initiative, though it also was highly displeased. In its typically English way, it fastened on the manner rather than the matter of the German act. The thing was bad form: it offended against the rule of preliminary discussion which has become habitual among European statesmen at their conferences in Geneva. Germany ought to have given notice of her intention and taken soundings. It would have been better if she had first issued a public invitation to all Europe to enter a Customs Union with her: Austria might then have been, by arrangement, the first to respond. On the merits of the scheme the British Foreign Office may feel no very strong objection, but it dreads the political implications of any exclusive groupings, and would prefer to move towards greater freedom of trade by a general, if gradual, lowering of tariffs. Its chief reason for alarm, however, is that it realizes the use which France will make of this pretext to obstruct the work of the disarmament conference.

On the success of that conference the whole mind and will of Mr. Arthur Henderson, its elected chairman, are concentrated. This admirably sincere and single-minded man is a democrat, who believes that popular sentiment calls for disarmament. One hears, in influential circles within the Labor party, estimates of the possible achievements of the conference which at a first glance seem sanguine. It is thought that it may be possible, for example, to prohibit some of the deadlier and more costly engines of war, big guns, for example, and tanks. If this were done, Germany would have less reason to resent the special restrictions which the Peace Treaty imposed on her: she might also be freed from any peculiar form of supervision. There is talk also of a 25-percent reduction all round in the level of expenditure on defense. This last hope is not, one perceives on reflection, so extravagant as it sounds. The fall of wholesale prices has in two years reduced the cost of everything that fleets and armies use, by an average of about 30 percent. A cut of 25 percent in defensive budgets might mean no reduction whatever. One need not be a wild optimist to hope for such a result, and the democracies in their simplicity might credit their rulers with a name for virtue somewhat easily earned. One must not suppose, of course, that Mr. Henderson in particular or the Labor party in general are aware of this elusive quality in price levels. They are doubtless right in supposing that France would not consent even to an illusory cut while the Austro-German arrangement stands.

The tendency of London, under the influence of this reasoning, will be to coöperate in the French conception of a solution—maintenance of the political status quo, combined with the lightening of economic burdens. Germany's financial difficulties will be recognized, but always on the assumption that she will return to the path of political modesty and virtue. A moratorium presents difficulties, and would not be welcomed. One hears talk, which seems to be inspired, of a loan to Germany—$500,000,000 is the sum mentioned—to be subscribed and guaranteed by Britain, France and Italy, and administered by the League. This would relieve Germany's immediate embarrassments, but it is no lasting solution. It does not touch the unanswerable grievance of which Germans are conscious. Prices, since the Young Report was drafted,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have fallen by about 30 percent, and gold in the same measure has appreciated. What may have been a tolerable burden then, cannot deserve that name today.

This argument is only too cogent, but it inserts a charge of dynamite into the whole system of world finance. It applies equally to inter-allied debts, to our British debt to the United States, and within each country to every form of fixed interest-bearing obligation. It is, in short, a way of saying that this world-wide fall of prices has increased, by an inordinate percentage, the tribute levied by the creditor and the rentier upon industry and labor. That might be remedied in one of two ways. Either debts might be scaled down, and the rentier subjected to the treatment usually reserved in these emergencies for the wage earner; or else the world's bankers might yield to the persuasion of Professor Cassell and his school, and restore prices, by monetary manipulation, to the old level. It is safe to predict that the statesmen at Chequers will propose nothing so radical.

There will be a loosening of the social boycott under which Germany suffers. There may be some offer of a transitory financial alleviation. But will there be any firm handling of the drift in the world's economy which is making it an intolerable planet for debtors to inhabit? And while, by gentleness and bribes (bearing fixed interest), the victors seek to dissuade the Germans from an inconvenient initiative, can they be sure that her wounded pride, stimulated from below by the hot gospelers of Communism and Fascism, will always refrain from asserting itself? This veto, however considerate the manner of applying it may be, upon her approach to Austria, is a galling reminder of her unequal status. The risk remains, after Mr. Henderson has done all that a strong and sincere man can do, that the disarmament conference may leave her still subject to a rule of humiliating discrimination. Sooner or later she will throw off these fetters, and shatter the European system in the process.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

Men Without Machines

II: *Their Food and Drink*

THE INQUIRING traveler in Mexico must keep a steady head. On the one hand he carries with him the usual complement of American prejudices, conditioning him to find dirt, squalor, inefficiency, banditry, laziness, political peculation and instability to the exclusion of all else. On the other hand he is bound to spend long evenings in the company of compatriots who have gone virtually native, listening as they strip cover after cover from the surface of Mexico until he stares dizzily into a bottomless pit of mysteries, atavisms, sorceries and primitive profundities. "Beyond that mountain lies a village. . . . Sometimes you can hear the drums. . . . On the Day of the Dead. . . . Descended from a *conquistador* and the last prince. . . . Down this street lives an Aztec witch. . . . They are making vases in that valley exactly as they were a thousand years ago. . . . Tombs of three Zapotec kings. . . . He tried to find out the secret, and has never been heard of since. . . . Being *simpatico* is not enough, you have to establish *confianza*. . . . Still hunting for the gold they hid from Cortez. . . . Three men have tried to dig it up and all three have died. . . . No white man has ever been there, but an old Indian has promised to take me. . . ."

Between this Scylla and Charybdis one must steer, on guard against crude Nordic reflexes and against sheer sentimental mysticism. I found it not over-difficult to subdue my bathtub and Listerine complexes, but exceedingly difficult to neutralize the powers of the air. There *is* a mystery about Mexico; there is something in the atmosphere incredibly old and not a little fearsome, heightened, doubtless, by the raw violence of the scenery. Some of the weird stories are grossly exaggerated and some are literally true. Though Mexico, like any other considerable area of the planet, is both drab and dirty, colorful and mysterious, its drabness is not quite so dreary, its mystery is more encircling and pungent, and its color is more vivid than in any land I know.

Our business in the village of Tepoztlan is lodged in three portfolios. We want to know how a community of machineless men carries on; how a handicraft culture actually functions; how it compares with an American community, the best documented being Middletown. We want to know the extent of the legacy from the Aztecs; how much of the pre-Columbian civilization still survives. Finally we shall inquire into the specific inroads of the Machine Age to date, and speculate as to the future course of that invasion. While, due to the indefatigable researches of Mr. Redfield, we know more facts about Tepoztlan than about any other community in Mexico, and it becomes our symbol, we shall not always confine ourselves to this locality.

Tepoztlan, as I have mentioned, is a town of 4,000 people, sixty miles south of Mexico City, in a mountain valley embracing a few square miles of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arable land, about 6,000 feet above the sea. Not more than fifty citizens plainly show their white blood. The town is thus overwhelmingly Indian and everybody speaks Nahuatl (Aztec) as well as a varying amount and quality of Spanish. It was a town when Cortez landed, and the same seven *barrios,* or wards, with their peculiar organization, are still actively functioning. Very few Spaniards ever came to settle in Tepoztlan; the outside influence, such as it is, has been derived mainly from natives journeying to Mexico City and returning with new ideas. The town is primarily to live in, trade in, play in; one goes outside to the fields or to the forests to work. Under the Aztec system, village lands were held by the whole community, with specific fields allotted to each family, inalienable so long as properly cultivated. Today the families of Tepoztlan cling to these ancestral fields, although they now have legal title and in theory can buy and sell. The less fertile areas are still held communally.

We should remember that Indian and Castilian pueblos 400 years ago had much in common—and doubtless still have. It was, accordingly, fairly easy to introduce certain Spanish ways upon Aztec soil. Indeed all handicraft cultures of a relatively high level have a great deal in common and tend to a kindred pattern. The same rhythms of agriculture, trade, worship, play; the same inexorable limitations of environment, are in operation. Mexican villages put me constantly in mind of Russian villages—the rows of huts, the enormous colorful church, the market produce spread in the dust. We must beware accordingly of conceiving Tepoztlan as an Aztec pueblo. It is a fusion of Aztec and Castilian, with a dash of modern. The resulting compound can only be called Mexican.

The street layout of Tepoztlan is pre-conquest. The division of families into seven *barrios,* each with its chapel and *santo,* is derived directly from the Aztec *calpulli,* or kinship group, with its local god, religious structure, military organization, judge and public buildings. Even the old names survive. There is the *barrio* of the "toads," of the "ants," of the "lizards," of the "maguey worms" (the latter a Mexican comestible). When the saint day of the *barrio* of Santo Domingo, January 12, approaches, it will be said: *"Ye acitihuitz ilhuitl cacame*—Now comes the fiesta of the toads." These names are held aptly to describe the people of the *barrios.* The "ants" are so called because there are so many of them—it is the largest *barrio* in town—they run over the ground in all directions and get into all manner of trouble. The "toads" swell with their own importance. The "lizards" are quick and light minded, they like to sing at night on the street corners. The *"cacomixtles"* live under the rocks like the creature whose name they bear.

Time is measured by sun and climate, not by clocks. If you ask a Tepoztecan, shortly after high noon, what time a given fiesta dance will start, he is likely to reply: "It will take place right now at about three or five o'clock." This is as definite to him as it is infuriating to one who, like the author, was reared in sight of the Waltham watch factory. Mexicans, even as Russians, have no mechanical time sense. *"Mañana,"* tomorrow, extends from one minute past midnight through the weeks and months to infinity. It is far more difficult and painful for a Westerner to rid himself of his clock habits than of his appendix. But once the operation is over and the wound healed, there is much to be said for "right now at about three or five o'clock." There is much to be said for consigning unpleasant business to an endless *mañana.*

With Mr. Redfield's invaluable aid, let us examine the sources and organization of Tepoztlan's food supply. Every family in town, with one or two exceptions, has its *milpa.* During the harvest season the carpenter leaves his bench, the merchant his counter, the *arriero* his mule, and all make their way to the cornfields. The ripe ears are piled in great heaps in the house yard, and a year's food supply for the family is stored in a circular corn crib. Any surplus may be exchanged or sold. Every woman in Tepoztlan knows how to pound the kernels in a stone *metate,* how to add a little lime water, slap the meal out in her hands to thin, round cakes, how to cook them over a charcoal brazier, and produce *tortillas*—the national dish of the old civilizations; the national dish of Mexico today. (They taste a little flat at first, but one grows to like them.) She knows how to roll the *tortillas,* like a French pancake, around a bit of meat and sauce for *enchiladas,* or surround the meat with cornmeal, slip it into a corn husk and so produce the *tamale,* as famous in Mexico as the hot dog in America, but far more nourishing.

Mexican food is not so exotic as is generally believed. I have been for weeks in the back country, living altogether on the local diet without ever scorching my throat—and it is easily scorched. The *mole* is a red-hot Aztec sauce, chocolate brown in color. I tasted it first in a grotto, but even in those cool depths it brought tears to my eyes. Thereafter I avoided *moles.* One can go through a fortnight of regular table d'hôtes and never connect with a single overspiced dish. Fire eaters can always order them, but they are not continually in evidence.

In connection with the food supply of Tepoztlan we find the following agencies. One must remember that these agencies serve a community of 4,000 people, and that most of them are on part time.

1. A steam flour mill, small and ill patronized. It is held something of a disgrace for the housewife to take her corn to the mill rather than to her own *metate; tortillas* are not so succulent when made from mill meal. This is, of course, sentimental nonsense, and costs the good women of Tepoztlan untold hours of heavy, monotonous work. In a Yucatan village I found a little corn-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grinder run by the remains of a model T Ford. Every woman in town came down with her basket of yellow kernels, and sat entranced as they were reduced to meal in sixty seconds instead of six hours.

2. Two corn factors, who take charge of the selling of the surplus crop.

3. Three butchers—and a ghastly display they produce.

4. Six bakers, for what also is obtainable in the valley. Their specialty will be sweet bread.

5. Dairy men, for the little milk that is used.

6. A soft-drink bottling works with two employees.

7. Five storekeepers, selling some canned foodstuffs purchased in Mexico City.

8. The market. On Wednesday and Sunday mornings, some hundred vendors take up their position in the plaza near the old white and rose cathedral. Most of them come from Tepoztlan and its seven encircling hamlets (not to be confused with the *barrios*), but a few are from villages beyond the home valley. Each pays a small "floor tax" for his right to squat on the ground and spread his —or her—wares on a bench or on the earth. Above him he may rear an awning of cloth and wooden sticks to keep off the sun. Each takes the same position from week to week, from generation to generation. The vendors come by villages and sit by villages. In Aztec times all adult men were required to attend market, which occurred every fifth day. It was a compulsory holiday with festival and games. The five-day interval has been broken by the Christian calendar (the Aztecs had a twenty-day month), compulsion is internal rather than external, the copper axes, the fine paper which Tepoztlan used to make are gone, together with a nobler quality of handicraft altogether; but all the town still comes down to the plaza on market day, a festival spirit in the air.

Not only goods are exchanged but, equally important, news. Stop an Indian on a mountain trail, market-bound with a load of pottery on his back, and offer to buy the lot at his own price. Nine times out of ten he will refuse to sell at any figure. To part with his pots would deprive him of an excuse to go to market. Money is but heavy metal; the plaza is color and news and life.

In many village markets, exchange by barter still is practised. In Tepoztlan, the cartwheel *pesos,* the tiny silver ten *centavo* pieces, the coppers in assorted sizes—particularly the coppers—will be the usual medium. No paper money is ever seen and very little gold. Indeed, the traveler in Mexico must revise all his money habits. He must obtain a small canvas bag and carry around a dead weight of silver *pesos* sufficient to sink him to the bottom of the saltest sea. Paper money is unpassable, and his travelers' checks are regarded with suspicion in the provinces. If, happily, he can cash them, he must be prepared to sacrifice a stiff percentage of the current exchange. I came to find that worry as to ways and means of transporting cash far exceeded worry as to its safety from theft. Outside the cities, Mexicans are a scrupulously honest people. The Aztecs, it may be recalled, valued silver and gold primarily for the ductility of those two metals.

The great bulk of the goods on sale in the Tepoztlan market is either produced in the valley or brought in by vendors from the neighboring valleys. We can gauge the extent of local self-sufficiency by classifying the foodstuffs and their point of origin. From the town itself come maize, beans, a dozen fruits and vegetables, milk, honey, eggs, meat, coffee, and soft drinks from the local brewery. From the region come rice, sugar and chocolate, a few more vegetables, and the beverages brandy, *pulque* and beer. From the outside world come only canned foods and additional bottled beverages, for sale in the stores at high prices, but not in great demand.

This list not only tells us what Tepoztlan eats, but why business depressions do not affect a handicraft culture. Cut off from the outside world, the natives would eat as well as usual. In fact better, for the canned foods I saw on the store shelves looked old and unappetizing. At a pinch Tepoztlan can feed itself, but, as it so often the case in Mexico, the self-contained unit is not the village but rather the region. Sample the goods on sale at the Sunday market. Plot on a map the villages from which they come, and you have the economic unit, all within a day's march on a burro trail. Within the unit, furthermore, it is customary to stagger the market days, so that each section of the area will have regular access to all the products of the area. Wednesday, market at village A; Tuesday, market at village B, and so forth.

About half as far north of Mexico City as Tepoztlan lies south, is the valley of Teotihuacan. Here Dr. Gamio paints for us a very different picture. In 1917, of the 8,000-odd people in the valley, the great majority were utterly dependent on money wages for food. They worked for seven great *haciendas* and raised only a small fraction of their own supplies. When hard times hit the *haciendas,* caused, for example, by low world-prices for wheat, the Indians promptly suffered. Nearly all their food was imported into the valley. This makes it only too clear that economic specialization is possible in a handicraft culture. Fortunately, between the free village system and the *self-supporting hacienda* system (a more common type than that in Teotihuacan) the majority of Mexicans are within calling distance of their food supply. The cities, of course, are fed by imports, often foreign imports.

Now, let us glance at the extent of the Aztec tradition in the diet of Tepoztlan. Aztec foods and food habits include maize, beans, squashes in all their forms, wild fruits and vegetables, tomatoes and peppers, turkeys, game, honey, chocolate and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pulque. The Spanish importations include eggs and chickens, other meats, milk, sugar, wheat and rice, potatoes, certain fruits, coffee, beer and sugar alcohol drinks. With corn as the great staple and meat a rarity, by far the larger share of Tepoztlan's diet is still set in the Aztec mold. The contribution of Spain, however, is manifestly important.

The machine to date has hardly scratched the surface, either in tools and devices for farming and processing, or in factory-made foodstuffs. Wooden plows and Aztec tools are still the prevailing agricultural instruments. Perhaps the chief contribution of the factory to the menu of Tepoztlan is bottled beer.

Middletown, on the other hand, would be lost without its tin cans, its bottles and its packaged goods. The kitchen shrinks visibly before the delicatessen and the chain grocery store. The town gave up feeding itself from its own soil fifty years ago—if it ever fed itself. It eats far more meat, sugar, candy and wheat than Tepoztlan. It engulfs oceans of ice-cream soda, unknown in the southern community. Tepoztlan likes sweets, but tends to get them in the natural state, say by chewing sugar cane. As a result its teeth would bring a resident dentist close to bankruptcy. Latterly Middletown, like all America, has been eating more vegetables, a move which Tepoztlan would do well to follow. Were it not for *pulque,* Mexican village diet would be seriously short of vitamins. Many regions do not drink *pulque,* and perhaps all fail to achieve a soundly balanced diet. Intestinal disorders rank high in the list of Mexican diseases.

For some years a campaign against *pulque*-drinking has been gathering headway. The sap of the *maguey* cactus, when treated, readily ferments, and produces a dirty, white liquid with a most forbidding smell and about the same alcoholic content as beer. This is *pulque* proper. Distilled, it becomes *tequila* or *mescal.* The Aztecs were very fond of *pulque*—witness Tepoztecatl and his temple in its honor, and the tradition is unimpaired. Indian and *mestizo* often swill it in unimaginable quantities—ten, twelve, fifteen quarts a day. With this cargo aboard, one becomes markedly befuddled. For such two-handed hoisters, *pulque* is undoubtedly a curse. But the majority drink it more moderately. It is even fed to children. Far from doing them harm it now appears that they could hardly survive without it!

Aztecs, and Mexicans after them, never ate enough fruit and vegetables to offset properly the high protein intake of corn and beans. Why did they persist so sturdily? Dr. Jose Zuzaya, a brilliant young investigator who has been called Mexico's foremost scientist, tells me that the answer is *pulque.* It follows the law whereby all surviving primitive people, after long centuries of trial and error, balance their diet. The Chinese peasant has worked out the same law with rice and greens. To prohibit *pulque* means the breaking of their ancient and excellent balance. Despite its abuse, manifestly it should not be prohibited unless something equally valuable is substituted. Beer has been advocated, but beer is equally intoxicating and not so rich in vitamins. More vegetables and fruits would right the balance, but it is hard to grow them in some areas, to say nothing of the lack of dramatic appeal. One cannot properly wind up a fiesta on cabbages. Perhaps it can be done in Indiana, but not in Mexico. It is a pretty problem, calculated to give the embattled Drys room for thought. But if we know our Drys, they will probably overleap it. Meanwhile the prevailing insanitary and frequently disgusting methods of fermenting *pulque* should certainly be prohibited. First and last I saw a good many drunken Mexicans, but never a fighting drunkard or one who made it his business to annoy the passer-by. If a prohibition law were enacted, there would be a revolution within half an hour.

A friend of mine took her cook, an Indian woman from Taxco, to see the mummies, the pottery and other artifacts excavated under a lava flow at San Angel near the capital. The cook was stolid until her eye lighted upon a grinding stone in the collection. She was enchanted with its shape, and implored the mistress to obtain it for her kitchen. "The *metate* I've been looking for. Ah, if I only had it; such beautiful little tortillas I could make you!" That stone was used by some pre-Aztec woman, overwhelmed by volcanic eruption 2,000 years or more ago. The maize tradition does not die.

STUART CHASE.

In his third article, which will appear next week, Mr. Chase will compare the shelter, clothing and health of Tepoztlan and Middletown.—THE EDITORS.

Fairy Tale

Fair, do you not see
How love has wasted me?
I am blind, said she.

Blind only, in that youth
Knows not to look with ruth.
Blind, Sir, in good sooth.

Once I had eyes. I saw
A lark in the gled's claw,
Trapped hare that rats did gnaw;

Men, too, I beheld
By iron engines quelled,
And a sapling felled.

To my witch-mother fled—
Take back these eyes! I said.
Two jewels she put instead.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Open Shop at Boulder Dam

AS CONSTRUCTION starts on Boulder Dam, which Secretary Wilbur has tried so hard to have renamed "Hoover Dam," ugly reports are coming out of the Southwest that labor conditions are not all they should be. Wages are being cut below prevailing levels, insufficient care is being exercised for the workers' safety, every advantage is being taken of the depression, and, as might be expected, organized labor and its demands are being ignored.

In line with the administration policy, Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur has ignored the engineering department of the Reclamation Service, which built Roosevelt Dam and many others. He has farmed out Boulder Dam to private contractors, granting it to a combination of six Western firms, associated for this purpose under the name of "The Six Companies, Incorporated." The bid offered by this Western concern was $49,890,995, which was $5,000,000 below the bid of any of its three competitors.

All six firms are non-union, and as they begin their work on this most famous and dangerous of government projects they give every sign of a determination to ignore public opinion, human welfare and social needs. However, business is business among bankers and contractors, and Secretary Wilbur appears to be one of their kind.

In the specifications of the contract which Secretary Wilbur outlined, he included only three demands in regard to labor. Mongolians could not be employed, preference "so far as practical" should be given to war veterans when employees were selected among American citizens, and 80 percent of the workers hired by the contractors must be housed in company buildings on certain areas allotted to them in Boulder City. This new town is being built by the government primarily for office and housing space for its own force of officials, engineers, inspectors and other employees on duty to see that performances meet contract specifications—a corps well nigh large enough itself to direct the work of building the dam.

It is to be a temperance town with an estimated population of 4,000. No bootleggers, gamblers or disreputable persons will be admitted. It is to be zoned and furnished with up-to-date facilities for health and comfort. A good deal of deserved publicity has been given the proposed "model city." In this the government seems intent on duplicating its splendid work at Panama, but here the parallel ends. When the workers, after partaking of the company mess, leave town and start for work on the dam site five miles away, each man must depend upon his own individual initiative in dealing with the contractors in regard to wages, hours, safety and other working conditions. Interior Department announcements have constantly emphasized the fact that "men will be employed direct by the construction contractors."

The significance of the omission of any government protection to workers engaged on this proud public enterprise, if trouble should occur, appears when one envisages the appalling difficulties and dangers under which they will work for the next seven years. Any person who has stood on the edge of the Grand Canyon and gazed down its gigantic and well nigh perpendicular cliffs in an effort to see the swift and turbulent Colorado River a mile below, can partially realize what it means to build a concrete dam 730 feet high in those forbidding, cavernous depths. To the hazards of high places and explosives one must also add intolerable heat. Dr. Elwood Mead, Commissioner of the Reclamation Service, in a recent address before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said:

> This project, like Panama, has a climate. The summer wind which sweeps over the gorge from the desert feels like a blast from a furnace. At the rim of the gorge, where much of the work must be done, there is neither soil, grass nor trees. The sun beats down on a broken surface of lava rocks. At midday they cannot be touched with the naked hand. It is bad enough as a place for men at work. It is no place for a boarding house or a sleeping porch.

Thus the dam site. But even though Boulder City will be 1,000 feet higher in elevation than the dam, the temperature there will often reach 120 degrees in the shade—and no trees for shade. Manifestly this is no place to apply high-pressure production methods unless speed and profits are to be written in sunstroke, blood and death.

Distrusting hearsay, that conservative and ably managed labor organization, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, recently sent a careful investigator to Boulder Dam. He reports conditions which sound familiar, conditions which have inevitably spelled trouble. Here are examples. Every attempt to prevent wage reductions, announced in high places, is being frustrated. Rough carpenters, for instance, are paid sixty-five cents an hour. Common labor gets only $3.50 per day. Excessive board bills and supplies are charged workers in the good old way and with the same old results—little cash in hand when pay day comes.

To provide electric power during construction a 235-mile transmission line is being built from Victorville, California. The contract was let to the Southern Sierras Power Company, a notoriously non-union concern. In all departments skilled labor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is paid on an average of $2 per day lower than the scale for similar work now paid in the Southwest. Linemen work for seventy-five cents per hour and as many helpers as possible are forced in to do journeyman work.

Seeking an interview with "Hurry-up" Crowe, superintendent of construction for the Six Companies, the investigator was given one minute—there was "nothing to discuss." Did the company intend to continue the low wages now paid? "Hell, we have no wage scale," replied Mr. Crowe. The investigator feels hopeless in spite of the fact that the United States Department of Labor is heroically but vainly striving to cope with these conditions. Hundreds of men desperately hunting for work at the dam are being forcibly deported from Las Vegas—25 miles distant—the only town within striking distance of the dam in that desert country.

Still later news indicates that this report was indeed accurate. Cheap labor is not only an economic menace but is dangerous to life and limb, especially where men are handling dynamite in a rocky gorge in a temperature of 120 degrees. A bonding company estimates that 200 men will be killed at Boulder Dam during the first year. The Transformer, a Los Angeles labor paper, under the heading, "The Slaughter Begins," reports a dynamite blast, set off without warning, which hurled tons of rocks down the mountain on another crew working several hundred feet below, injuring eleven men, two probably fatally. It adds: "Feeling ran high when members of the injured crew charged that the crew responsible for the blast was composed chiefly of foreigners." Another headline runs: "Two More Lives Snuffed Out on Boulder Dam." A slide of 20,000 square yards of rock killed two men and seriously injured a third.

In view of the facts I have stated, there is little doubt that The Electrical Workers' Journal speaks for labor nationally when it cries out: "The big dam which has been the hope of thousands for years has become an aggravating, not an alleviating, factor in the depression." JUDSON KING.

Sweden Cuts the Cost of Living

OF ALL the diverse forms that organized cooperative endeavor has taken in Europe and America in the course of its history of nearly a century, there is none more interesting—nor more successful, it may be added—than the Cooperative Union in Sweden. Coöperation on a non-profit-making basis in the interests of the consumer has flourished for many years in the northern nations. Because of the wide extent to which the agricultural coöperatives are organized, Finland ranks first in Europe and Denmark second in proportionate amount of coöperative marketing.

But it is in Sweden, which holds third place, that coöperative retail merchandising has been carried to a point of extraordinary efficiency. In fact, so alarmed are the private merchants that they have formed a protective association to combat in every way the growth of the movement. The Coöperative Union is now the largest wholesaler in Sweden. Its 2,000 member societies own and operate more than 3,000 shops in cities and rural communities. An estimated one-fourth of the population is served by the coöperatives, with an enrolment of more than 400,000 householders. The Stockholm society alone owns and operates 271 stores. Within the past ten years the Coöperative Union has entered various manufacturing fields with marked success.

The offices of the Coöperative Union in Stockholm correspond to the central organization of one of the great American chains, such as the A. and P. or Piggly-Wiggly. The Union provides its member societies with standardized shop plans, a trained store manager if desired, goods at wholesale, auditors, a store system, and even additional capital, if insufficient is forthcoming for a new member society. But the member societies control the Union through a system of proportional representation. Its policies are decided and its directors elected at the annual congress of representatives in Stockholm.

The coöperative movement developed slowly in Sweden. At the beginning of the present century it was of comparatively slight significance. But in 1904 certain younger men, such as Ernst Persson and Albin Johansson, associated themselves with the movement. They are largely responsible for its present development. The Coöperative Union made rapid advances. During the War its growth was extraordinary. The private merchants scoffed. They said, in effect, that its progress was due only to the unusual conditions brought about by the War and they predicted its early demise with the coming of peace and normal times. But in the last twelve years it has developed more rapidly than ever before. Its interests have become so varied and its hold so strong that it is no longer possible to place limitations upon its growth. The system by which the Coöperative Union operates is most adroitly planned to enlist the loyalty of the consumer. It shows a deep understanding of the average human mind on the part of its originators, those earnest young men who espoused the cause of coöperation twenty-five years ago.

As it affects the consumer, the Coöperative Union

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

works in this way. First of all he is assured of an outright saving of so much a week on his food supplies. Prices in the coöperative stores are slightly less than those in private shops on most commodities, although the effect of competition by the cooperatives has been to force down the general price level. But besides this outright saving, the purchaser is able to effect another economy. With every purchase goes a rebate slip, corresponding to the trading stamps given by certain American stores. These rebate slips entitle the purchaser to a 3-percent refund on the amount of his purchases. They must be fixed in a special book and returned to the coöperative society at the end of the year. The sum represented by the rebate slips is deposited to the credit of the purchaser, who thus automatically becomes a member of the society. These deposits draw 5-percent interest, and when they have reached a sum equivalent to about $25, they can be drawn upon for cash.

It is thus a painless form of saving, one that appeals particularly to the Swedish householder, who is not, I was assured, naturally thrifty. It is the desire of the head of the household to provide the best for his family, commodious living quarters, a good table, a little summer house near the sea, amusements, without stint or troublous thoughts for the future. Under the coöperative system, to all intents and purposes, he gets something for nothing. At the end of the year he is given a bank balance representing 3 percent of his purchases for the household, purchases on which he has already made substantial savings. Moreover, the pleasure of seeing rebate slips or trading stamps accumulate is apparently universal. This has undoubtedly been a factor in the rapid development of the May chain of popular-price department stores in the United States.

As outlined here, the system may have a faintly institutional flavor. But there is nothing in the least institutional about the coöperative stores. They are the smartest shops in the country. In the larger cities, Stockholm and Gothenburg, they have the look of those expensive food stores in the fashionable residential districts of American cities. This is due largely to the highly effective architecture of the exterior and the intelligence displayed in the arrangement and design of the interior.

Wide expanses of glass and simple moldings are employed in the exteriors with great success. A great deal of ingenuity, too, has gone into the arrangement of the interiors. The wares, particularly in the metropolitan food stores, butcher shops, bakery and confectionery shops and shoe stores, are strikingly displayed by means of glass, nickel plate and, more recently, chromium-plated steel. Intelligent planning is everywhere apparent, with results that might well be studied by an American store manager. The linoleum floors, done in broad bands of bright color, the lighting fixtures, the stools for the convenience of shoppers, are designed from the point of view of efficiency and cleanliness, but they contribute to the general effect of a smart and attractive shop interior. The national passion for cleanliness is, of course, apparent in the coöperative stores as almost everywhere else.

They are complete shops in every respect, carrying the products of all leading private manufacturers along with those made in coöperative mills and factories. It is scarcely necessary to add that the coöperative products are almost always cheaper, by from two to six cents. The same ingenuity and intelligence which created the effective shop interior has gone into the designing of the packages, and the coöperative merchandise customarily has a gayer and smarter appearance. But the coöperative products are not given undue preference. Side by side on the same shelf one finds rolled oats from the coöperative mills and corn flakes from America.

The coöperative stores in rural communities, general stores such as one finds in Norrland, where the population is extremely scattered, are almost as attractive as the specialized shops in Stockholm. One of the exhibits of the Coöperative Union at the Stockholm exposition of last year was a store identical with those which one sees in the provinces. It is a beautiful example of what can be done with slight cost and intelligent planning. It makes the old-fashioned country store in America look like a junk heap, and even the present-day small-town store would have by contrast a look of littered confusion. These general stores are efficiently departmentalized on a small scale. So excellent is the arrangement of the interior and of the merchandise on the shelves, all done by a standardized plan, that one could imagine the clerk being loath to disturb it by selling a package of breakfast food. Every inch of space in the storage rooms and basement is utilized, and there are pleasant quarters above the store for the manager and his family.

Loyalty of the membership is, of course, a definite factor in the coöperative system, an asset that is occasionally drawn upon. But it does not necessarily follow that all shoppers at the coöperative stores are loyal members of the society. There is a casual class of purchasers who buy at the Konsum shops because they are convenient and cheaper. There are some in this group who do not even bother to save their rebate slips; they are casual shoppers but not members of the coöperative society. Then there is a group of members who save their rebate slips and bank them at the end of the year, but who do not take any very active part in the life of the coöperative society. They are content so long as the store is efficiently managed and they are able to save on their purchases.

It is to the third and by far the largest group, composed of purchasers who are members of the society actively concerned with its organization and growth, that the Coöperative Union looks for loyalty when there are price wars with trusts and monopolies. These members attend all meetings of the society. They select individuals to represent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them at the annual congress of the Union and they serve on committees having direct supervision of the management of the store, or stores, which the society operates.

The most recent manufacturing venture of the Coöperative Union illustrates how the loyalty of this latter group has been used in the past. For some years the directors of the Union were convinced that the price of electric-light bulbs in Sweden was too high. The charge for the average-size bulb was about thirty-eight cents. After a thorough and prolonged investigation, the research department of the Union concluded that bulbs could be manufactured for about twenty-five cents, allowing a safe margin for surplus. Following a long fight over patent rights with the European monopoly which controls the manufacture of incandescent bulbs, the Union began building a factory on the outskirts of Stockholm. Recently production was begun and the directors of the Union are prepared for a competitive price war with the electric-bulb monopoly, which is expected to slash its price to the Swedish trade to as low, perhaps, as twenty cents, a figure which the Union could not possibly meet. But the directors are entirely confident that the loyal body of their members will pay twenty-five cents for a light bulb, a saving of thirteen cents on the old price. And the directors are also confident that the monopoly will not long continue to manufacture bulbs at a loss, even for so limited a trade area as Sweden.

Similarly in the past, the Union has invaded other manufacturing fields. The making of rubber-soled shoes and galoshes was begun for the same reason —the existence of a syndicate that charged exorbitant prices. The effect was a general price reduction. Having had success here, it was a simple step to the manufacture of automobile tires and, later, of leather shoes. The Union now makes a considerable percentage of the margarine used in Sweden, and owns and operates the largest flour-milling industry in the country. In connection with all these major industries the Union maintains research departments which are constantly seeking ways to improve the product and, by a simplification and standardization of manufacturing methods, to reduce its cost.

It becomes apparent that there are no limits beyond which the Coöperative Union may not go. It is no less than a process of socialization that is going forward, gradual and to a relative degree painless, but none the less sure and effective. The whole business is, of course, extremely painful to the private merchants and manufacturers. Through their protective association they are trying in every possible way to check the growth of the Coöperative Union. By means of publicity in sympathetic newspapers and in paid advertisements, the association charges that the Union intends to stifle free competition, that its goods are of inferior quality, that it is controlled for political purposes by the Social-Democratic party. There is a feeling among certain sections of the middle class that the coöperative stores are not quite respectable, that they offer a violent threat to the existing order; that when they have gained entire control of the merchandising of the country they will become slack and indifferent to the needs and desires of the consumer.

The directors of the Union have very little to say about the social implications of the coöperative experiment in which they are involved, either because they prefer to ignore the obvious implications or because they are so immediately and practically concerned with the realities of a large business undertaking that they have scarcely had time to consider the ultimate direction in which they are going. The latter is the real reason, I believe. The directors insist that they are in business, a business which is like any other and one that needs above everything else the stimulation of keen competition. They speak of balance sheets and capital reserve as do the directors of any other large corporation. They never bother to reply directly to the charges made by the private merchants. Advertisements of the coöperative stores appear in all the newspapers, emphasizing lower prices and inviting a comparison with goods in private shops. The Union has a propaganda department of ten men, but they are largely occupied with the publication of a weekly magazine and the preparation of the Union's advertisements. The propaganda they issue is of a positive character.

An incident that has occurred each year for several years at the annual congress of the Union in Stockholm illustrates the general attitude. There is one delegate from a northern province who is a communist. He gets to his feet at every opportunity to propose that the Union's capital reserve be abolished. He isn't particularly concerned with what happens to it, but he wants this blot removed from the coöperative escutcheon. Each time his proposal is greeted with laughter. It is not malicious laughter. It is merely that his proposal appears so highly impractical to the other delegates as to be humorous.

It is true, however, that a certain idealism, apart from self-interest in a monetary award, must motivate the directors of the Coöperative Union, men who because of their ability could unquestionably have been highly successful in private business enterprises. The present managing director, Albin Johansson, receives a salary of slightly less than $6,000 a year. In the opinion of impartial observers this is the weakness of the Union. The fact that the high officials are so underpaid may mean that it will be difficult to replace them with equally capable men, for the succeeding generation may not have such an idealistic outlook. The personnel must be kept to the present standard, say disinterested observers, if the Union is to advance, if it is even to hold its present position.

It is not only in merchandising that Sweden and the other Scandinavian countries have pushed co-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operative endeavor to an extraordinary degree. The story of the Coöperative Union could be matched by the story of the agricultural coöperatives in Denmark, by the story of the remarkable growth during the past eight years of the coöperative housing movement in Sweden, the Rent Payers' Union. In those fields in which coöperative endeavor has not developed, the state itself has in many instances taken hold. This is notably true in Sweden, where the state electrical works, for example, generate 35 percent of all the power produced. It is possible that this type of efficient competition is the most effective check on private enterprise, private greed, a far more realistic check than can ever be exercised by political commissions and rate-making committees. It is also possible that coöperation, at least as it has developed in the Scandinavian countries, is a bridge to a new economic order, an easy approach to a new type of state.

But Mr. Johansson and the other directors of the Coöperative Union are of necessity far more concerned with their immediate program than with speculations as to the future. Recently, by way of experiment, the Stockholm society opened two restaurants, offering simple meals at low prices. Three years ago the Union formed an automobile-insurance company which has expanded very rapidly. These are matters for shrewd business men, not theorists. There will be time for theory when the socialization of the country is an accomplished fact.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

I Want a Job

I WANT a job. I am the product of your social system, your historical background, your economic organization, your educational system. I am poured from the life mold you have shaped. Now what are you going to do with me? My ancestors were participants in the past you like to romance about. They came with the Puritans to New England, their workmanship is visible today in weather-stained houses on the coast of Maine. In the middle of the last century they formed part of that westward-moving wave that settled on the prairie lands of the Middle West; some even joined the further rush to the gold fields of California. They supplied the background before which your movie queens play their glamorous romances. You have glorified their prototypes on the stage, in your novels, your verses, your songs. I myself have done the things you picture your youthful population doing. I have gone to the schools you support by your endorsement, I have swallowed the subjects they fed me, I have even practised the scorn for intellectual achievement that you consider healthy and normal. I have no gifts, no special aptitude to alienate me from the average. I am the student you prefer, not clever, lest I fail to be well rounded. There is nothing dangerous about my mental powers. I am not that thing you dread most, an individual with greater intellectual potentialities than you. I am healthy. I am not what you are, but what you have chosen to make of your sons and daughters.

As the result of this inheritance and education I am the mean you have sought. In only one tendency have I manifested a capacity you did not, perhaps, bargain for. I propose to turn a speculative eye on your society. And yet, even there I may be only following the path you beat for me. You feel no displeasure when your future industrialist pauses to look over the factory he proposes to run. Then grant me the same privilege in the larger world in which I hope to find a place.

I am young and I bear the equipment for the world which you consider essential. Even in this period of unemployment, certain paths are open to me in which economic accomplishment is possible, but such success cannot answer questions which are part of the fundamental stuff of my mind. Neither the routine efficiency of the secretary nor the safe philanthropy of social work will serve my need. Making a good thing of either of these I should reckon the results of my life zero. I am aware that my primary interest is myself. I feel that our social system is insecure, that it will at least bear scrutiny, and that this scrutiny will be my means of utilizing the intelligence with which you have equipped me for our mutual benefit.

What I want is to use my powers in such a way that I shall at once be able to repay you in part for the cost of my rearing and bring myself the personal satisfaction of positive accomplishment. But under these conditions are you willing to support me? Shall I be able to maintain the standard of living to which I have been accustomed? I think not. What you pay for a thing is determined by the law of supply and demand. I doubt that you feel the need for any scrutiny of your civilization.

I bring a certain degree of training, a considerable amount of enthusiasm, and I desire to turn the combined light of these two factors on what can only be of the greatest moment to us both—and I feel a great shadow of indifference. You may deny that this is true and tell me that you have made every intelligent effort to study this civilization and evaluate it. This I think is contradicted by direct evidence.

I am not an economist or an authority on politi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal organization, but I can see the following things which appear significant to me. We are living under the capitalist system. Because of this system I am what I am and now share in its material benefits. We believe in the laissez-faire doctrine, that, given freedom, the greatest good will accrue to the greatest number. Then why is the menace of unemployment one which threatens not only the security of the factory worker, supplanted by the new invention, but the college student? Some of our highest public officials are devoted to the promotion of peace, but we will not accept as citizens conscientious pacifists. We assert that a democratic government represents the will of the majority, but we are faced with the impossibility of enforcing law. There are other less obvious discrepancies in theory and fact. The equality of man is a fundamental tenet in our political philosophy, but our class system, based on economic success, is so rigidly stratified as to make progress from one social stratum to another practically of the greatest difficulty. We claim that the American woman is the freest in the world, but she cannot live by the same standards as men, she is not paid the same wages for the same work, her professional prestige is lower than man's. Further than this, some of our largest cities are run by political machines where the existence of graft and bribery is common knowledge. Some of our citizens live in conditions little better than those suffered by the medieval serf. Are all these facts necessary corollaries of the capitalist system? If they are not, why have not they been remedied? If they are, upon what basis do you rest your assurance that a different political organization and social philosophy is incapable of surviving in the modern world? Why do you choose to assume that the Soviet government is doomed to failure and can under no circumstances offer any serious menace to your continued dominance of the economic world?

I may feel certain that the life of a large portion of the population is meaningless, because there is no centralizing force in their lives, no feeling that they are part of a social system greater than the individual unit; that the individual is only successful as he is aware of the proportion of his contribution to the social whole. And I may feel that as our life is not organized, there is no possibility of the individual attaining this sense. If I told you I believed this, you would point out my inexperience and doubtless indicate to me just what you consider my limitations. And I should not blame you. You would be quite right. I have not the faintest intention of attempting to foist on you what can, in the light of my ignorance and immaturity, be only theoretical speculations.

What I want is a place in your society, a job that will permit me to employ my intelligence and my social speculations in some positive fashion, an opportunity to test facts with facts, to look at our mutual concern and be paid for the looking. Is there a job for me? I am the product of your social system. Somewhere in the midst of your educative plan I acquired these reflections. Will you use them? Can you, or can I, turn my eagerness and my speculative interest into positive accomplishment? Or shall I feel that any attempt to grope at the meaning of our life is only a step toward economic failure and social futility?

MARTHA B. HIGLEY.

Washington Notes

The Youth Movement—Gospel According to St. Lucas—Hays at the White House—Baker, Young or Roosevelt?

DULL AS this stage of politics usually is, during the past week here in Washington there have been one or two developments not without humor and interest. The first was the Republican-party "youth movement," which culminated in a Washington conference attended by "young" Republicans, male and female, from various parts of the country. They were herded together under the chaperonage of hard-boiled National Committeemen and state leaders, to hear from the lips of party pillars such as Walter Franklin Brown and Simeon D. Fess of Ohio concepts of political morality, eloquent discourses on patriotism and good government, and high-minded sermons on the fine traditions and innate nobility of the Grand Old Party. It was a unique political affair; I think there is little likelihood that it will be repeated.

The main idea of the gathering was publicity, and so far as that was concerned, it was certainly successful in volume, though the quality, from the Republican standpoint, left a great deal to be desired. The truth is the publicity went quite sour on the promoters and the affair, so far as I can judge, was a flop. What it seemed to prove was what apparently needed no proof: to wit, that the Democratic and progressive propaganda departments function more efficiently than the Republican and that the idea department in the latter organization is in a crippled and decayed condition.

There were to me several amusing and amazing things about the whole business. For one thing, the description "youth movement" was rather inept when one looked over the assemblage and saw so many graying heads among the delegates. For another, it did appear more or less incredible that the conference should have been propagandized as an effort to inculcate high political standards and explain political ethics, with Mr. Robert H. Lucas standing well to the front as its sponsor. This, I think it will be conceded, was enough to make the affair absurd. Nothing else was needed. Political ethics and Mr. Lucas cannot be mentioned in the same breath without arousing either laughter or indignation, the most conspicuous exploit of that gentleman since he became executive secretary of the Republican Committee having been in connection with the dirty business of anonymously circulating scurrilous handbills in Nebraska to defeat Senator George Norris in the general election. Mr. Lucas, under fire on this charge, admitted that he did not even bother about the accuracy of the "facts" circulated. For this anonymous and contemptible attack

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on Norris he was denounced from one end of the country to the other.

This one action of Mr. Lucas transformed him from a party asset to a party liability, and whenever his name is mentioned it has been to speculate upon how long he will remain in his present job or how to get rid of him. He receives, I understand, an even higher salary than that of the highly paid Democratic publicity director.

A few months ago there was a general private agreement that it was not possible for the party to go into the next campaign with the Fess-Lucas setup, and that it was only a matter of a short time before a new deal would be made. Now there seems to have been a change of view. No longer are successors to the Messrs. Fess and Lucas discussed. Apparently they will continue in their present positions until the convention. It seems astounding that the more intelligent among the White House politicians did not grasp the incongruity of Mr. Lucas' calling and shepherding a gathering of the "youth" of the party for the purpose of preaching political morality and expounding the high principles of Republicanism.

It is difficult to decide whether such a conference under such auspices can be laid to effrontery or stupidity. Under the circumstances, despite the tons of verbal bricks hurled at Mr. Lucas and his "youth movement," I think they got off pretty well—better by a long shot than they deserved.

One feature of the preliminary publicity to the affair that amused me was Lucas's explanation why Mr. Hoover would neither address nor receive the delegates. Mr. Lucas asserted that it would not be proper, as it might lead people to assume that the President was taking part in politics. Could anything be sillier than that? I ask you. And it is particularly silly inasmuch as the statement was made a few days after the President had conferred at unusual length with the notorious Mr. Will Hays, whose handling of the Continental Company Sinclair bonds will be remembered as one of the unsavory revelations of the oil investigation. Mr. Hays was chairman of the National Committee in the 1920 campaign and the conflict in his sworn testimony, before the Walsh Committee discovered the facts, was utterly unreconcilable with any idea of innocence.

Mr. Hays is supposed to be a business man these days, but he is now what he always has been—a Republican politician—and no one who knows him doubts for a moment that he went to the White House to talk politics and nothing else. It is, as a matter of fact, about all Mr. Hays can talk with any degree of enthusiasm.

On the Democratic side the only matter of interest I have discerned in the past week is the tendency to take the possible presidential nomination of Newton D. Baker of Ohio more seriously. One reason for this, I suppose, is the belief that ex-Governor Cox is wholeheartedly in favor of Baker, which should ensure him the Ohio delegation in the convention. In addition, there is undoubtedly a distinct Baker sentiment in various sections of the country.

In the meantime I have to report that the high financial and industrial friends of Mr. Owen D. Young, in New York, Chicago and elsewhere, are considerably depressed over the outlook. It seems that Mr. Young will not "coöperate," and that in consequence of his inert attitude toward the effort to bring about his nomination, those who were most active in the Young movement are disheartened. The idea of Franklin Roosevelt's being nominated is extremely distasteful to them. They do not think he will be a strong candidate against Hoover and they do not want to see him President anyhow. The undoubted progress he is making toward the nomination alarms and worries them, but they seem powerless to do anything about it.

Al Smith's attitude remains a puzzle—probably to Smith himself as well as to everyone else. There seems no doubt that his personal cordiality toward Roosevelt has completely evaporated, and it is unquestionably true that some of his closest personal friends are open in their hostility toward the Governor. Yet it is difficult to see how Smith can avoid supporting him for the nomination unless the Governor himself provides the excuse by a break on some policy or principle—something which he is very unlikely to do. It is an interesting situation, with the possibility that Smith will make an effort to land the nomination for himself on the ground that having made the fight in 1928, when no Democrat could have won, he is entitled to his chance now, when, unless there is an extraordinary and altogether unexpected change in conditions, any Democrat can win. That fact alone—I mean that almost any Democrat can win in 1932—is the chief reason why neither Roosevelt nor any other candidate will be allowed to run away with the nomination next year. It is the sort of nomination and the sort of year in which the Democratic competition will be intense and acute.

Washington. T. R. B.

The Americanization of Europe

Three Leaves from a Notebook

I

ON THE RIM of the hills surrounding Stuttgart I stood looking at a new house. It was a rather startling house because of all the things that could not be said about it. Not a single earmark of any recognized architectural style was discernible. It had neither gables, pilasters, reverse curves, dormer wondows, oeil-de-boeuf, Colonial doorway nor Spanish tiled roof . . . not even a single Greek molding. It was airily perched on concrete piles with almost no ground floor at all. It had no cornice, and instead of a sloping roof, it was covered by a flat open terrace partly glass enclosed. Instead of windows ranged in either classical symmetry or picturesque confusion, it had continuous horizontal strips of glass. It stood out against the gray sky and dark trees, very bold and white and uncompromising, without a single evidence of artful patina or melting texture. There was no possible indication of the wealth or social position or religious persuasion of the occupants. It looked, as a matter of fact, like nothing at all. . . . Nothing, that is, beyond an exceedingly handsome and practical place to live in, full of light, air and space.

A German couple passed in front of me. The man pointed toward the house. "That," said he proudly, "is an *American* house."

I considered American houses: French Renaissance on Fifth Avenue and Florentine Renaissance on Park; Tudor in Jackson Heights and Spanish on Long Island; Baroque-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adam-Dutch-Colonial in New Jersey and manorial Gothic around Philadelphia; Spanish-Mexican-Hollywood-Mission in California and Neo-Greek in the South. I thought of steel that looks like wood and plastered wood that looks like concrete and concrete that looks like marble and marble that looks like nothing credible. I thought of new houses so well made that their owners could afford to have the walls laid out of plumb, the roofs put on crooked and little pieces chipped off here and there in the interests of respectable antiquity—and others so badly made that they seem to approach a bilious middle age before they are ever lived in. I even, without any great intellectual effort, remembered pink Pompeiian elevators like love nests in the Bronx, and telephones and radiators cowering in shameful nudity behind Du Barry ruffles and Paris 1925 modernique wrought-iron grilles.

"Well, well," said I. "This *is* a pleasure . . . my very first American house!"

II

Somewhat later I went to Frankfurt. I spent three days looking at the modern concrete developments that have rehoused 60,000 citizens of that city in the past five years. Shining rows of concrete, glass and gardens; freely planned groups centering around their own shops, schools, community centers—almost every one with its coöperative central laundry, heating plant and kindergarten; each group separated from the others and from the city proper by municipally owned meadow and rentable agricultural areas; all the rents within easy reach of the ordinary laborer. All the walls and most of the floors made of pre-cast concrete units turned out in a local factory built specially for the purpose. Window frames, doors and all fixtures are the result of careful and expert standardization. The "Frankfurter kitchen," largely built in, can be bought completely equipped at a 30-percent saving. I asked the architects how they had done it. "Organization, experimental research in the possibilities of modern methods of construction, mass production and economy. In fact," they said, *"the Americanization of method."*

I thought of some of the large-scale housing developments in America. Grim grimy red-brick rows with monotonous peaked roofs. "Individual" frame-and-paper houses with false gables on the front. Standardization? I remembered textured stucco with miles of Renaissance ornament apparently applied by the hand of a harried Almighty through a pastry tube. I thought of whole suburbs windowed with tiny unwashable panes of glass—letting neither the sun in nor the vision of the inmates out—indistinguishable from sixteenth-century cottage windows in all but spirit: for while the Elizabethans used the largest panes they could make, my neighbors used the smallest they could afford. Economy? A new slum development in New York came to mind, with half a dozen varieties of fancy brick laid up in a dizzy summary of all the more improbable designs of all the most Romantic Dutch architects of the early twentieth century—with antiqued halls and paneled living-rooms and near-Park Avenue lighting fixtures. Modern methods of construction? One experiment in concrete somewhere on Long Island, with a sordid Spanish flavor. And there *is* one standardized steel-frame house on the market—though it could be sold with a guarantee that even your best friends couldn't tell it from a cute little log cabin.

III

And then, all summer long, in Oslo, in Stockholm, in Germany, Holland, France, in brick, in wood, in stone, in concrete, I marked the influence of Frank Lloyd Wright. Houses, apartments, restaurants, stadiums, churches—some good, some bad—that could never have been exactly the way they were if Wright's handful of Midwestern houses had not been built before. The best contemporary European architects—Oud in Holland, Gropius and Schneider and Mart Stam in Germany, Le Corbusier and Lurçat in France—have gone beyond him. But the path from Art Nouveau to *neue Sachlichkeit,* to an international spirit of rationalism in architecture, could obviously never have been traversed in so short a time without the influence of Mr. Wright, without his ingenious use of material, his fresh, spacious plans, his honest if still romantically individualist elevations. Perhaps more than anyone else, Frank Lloyd Wright has succeeded in reviving the word Architecture, and shaking it loose from its eighteenth and nineteenth-century connotation, Public Monument. "It was very difficult," said a Dutch architect, "to break away from Wright and work out his premises to our own conclusions. For a while it looked as if the whole country were going American."

I recalled the fact that as yet there is not a single book about the work of Frank Lloyd Wright—in English[1]; that he has never been given a really important job to do; and that, not so many years ago, architects and critics in the East had never heard of him. Berlage, the great Dutch architect, came to America for the express purpose of seeing Wright's work—and could find no one in New York who knew anything about him, none who could tell him where he lived. With some force, I remember that the native talent which is threatening to show the world some *echte Amerikanische* architecture in the Chicago Exposition in 1932 gives every sign of believing that in giving Mr. Wright a handsome dinner last spring it has done all that could be expected of it in that direction. Going beyond Frank Lloyd Wright is one thing, and going around him—or never having got to him at all—is quite another. Perhaps irrelevantly, one might quote Mr. Wright's little story told at the architects' dinner. "Did you ever hear of the American Ku-Ku bird?" said he to the members of the A. I. A. "It flies backwards because it doesn't know where it's going and wants to see at least where it came from."

C. K. Bauer.

The Mystic

Who makes the firmament her room,
  Stands on a dart that's straight and narrow.
Balanced behind a blade of light,
And poised before a flaming plume,
She takes her tense and steadfast flight
  Upon the body of an arrow.

Winifred Welles.

[1] A book by Frank Lloyd Wright, "Modern Architecture," containing his six Princeton lectures of last spring, has recently been published by the Princeton University Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

The Scottsboro Case

SIR: The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is charged by the Communist spokesman in your columns with "laxity" in the Scottsboro cases; with "Hamilton Fish" attacks on Communism; with "meddling" in the cases and with employing a lawyer who "betrayed" the boys at their trial.

Perhaps, as Communists are tenderly solicitous about fact, a few facts may not be amiss:

1. The attorneys who appeared at the trial were retained by the Chattanooga branch of the N. A. A. C. P. and the Interdenominational Ministers' Alliance of Chattanooga, with which the N. A. A. C. P. was in correspondence from the beginning. Whatever the faults of omission or commission at that trial, its record furnishes the only basis for appeal to a higher court, should the motion for a new trial be denied. Moreover, the N. A. A. C. P. is associating with those attorneys the man reputed to be the best criminal lawyer in the state of Alabama and his law firm. At a personal interview in Kilby Prison on May 31, the eight condemned boys in the presence of witnesses asked this man to defend them.

2. As for attacks, the N. A. A. C. P. has been forced reluctantly to defend itself against intemperate abuse in Communist publications which, in face of the Association's twenty-one-year record, have not scrupled to charge "treason," "conspiracy with lyncher bosses," alliance with the Ku Klux Klan to railroad the Negro boys to death; charges obviously intended to poison the minds of those ignorant of the N. A. A. C. P.'s work and record.

3. William Pickens, field secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., who originally forwarded a contribution to the Communist defense, was present in Kilby Prison on May 31 at an interview at which the eight condemned Negro boys asked Alabama's foremost criminal lawyer, retained by the N. A. A. C. P., to defend them. At that interview, Mr. Pickens, whose record exempts him from charges of prejudice against Communists, felt obliged to warn the boys against Communist tactics, saying that their chief aim was to use the boys as a means of interesting colored people in the Communist party.

It should be borne in mind that this Scottsboro case is not the first of the kind that the N. A. A. C. P. has fought through Southern courts and won. Literally dozens of cases have been carried by the N. A. A. C. P. to victorious conclusions in lower and higher courts before ever the Communists thought to turn saviors of the American Negro. In Moore vs. Dempsey, before the United States Supreme Court, a case arising out of the Arkansas riots, the N. A. A. C. P. established a principle vital to the present case: namely, that a trial dominated by a mob is not due process of law even though legal forms have been observed.

As for a united front, urged by the Communist spokesman, may I inquire how it is possible to work with people who ignore a twenty-one-year record of pioneering, who seek to discredit work done, who accuse the organization responsible for this pioneering of "treason," alliance with the Ku Klux Klan, "lyncher boss" tactics and anything else they see fit to invent? The fact is that the Communists do not want and have never wanted the coöperation of the N. A. A. C. P. They have tried for their own political purposes in the most unscrupulous fashion to use this case for the injury of the N. A. A. C. P. Their tactics have been self-defeating. Sufficient editorials from leading colored newspapers in all parts of the country are on hand to prove that despite the one or two adherents they cite, Communist misrepresentation has not been swallowed whole by Negro editors who remain loyal to the organization which has a record rather than promises to stand on.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN,
Director of Publicity.

New York City.

SIR: In your issue of May 27 you print a letter from Mr. Herbert J. Seligmann, director of Publicity of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In that letter Mr. Seligmann implies that the tactics in the Scottsboro case of the International Labor Defense are dictated rather by their value for Communist propaganda than by consideration for the safety and welfare of the nine boys involved.

As one of the attorneys working on this case for the International Labor Defense, it seems to me appropriate to inform you that all the legal steps taken have had regard solely for the protection of the legal rights of the Scottsboro defendants. If in its publicity campaign the International Labor Defense has acted in a way that seemed inappropriate to the N. A. A. C. P., this difference in tactics is surely based on a difference in point of view as to what would be of the greatest benefit to the Negro boys. In the Sacco-Vanzetti case legal means were strictly adhered to. Nevertheless, Sacco and Vanzetti went to the electric chair. It happens to be the view of the International Labor Defense that propaganda and the arousing of public opinion are quite as important for the defense of the boys as the actual legal defense put up for them in the courts.

The N. A. A. C. P., through Mr. Seligmann, claims to have been the first in the field. We quote from the statement of Mr. Roddy at one of the four trials as to his connection with the case. He says:

> If I was paid down here and employed it would be a different thing, but I have not prepared this case for trial and have only been called into it by people who are interested in these boys from Chattanooga. Now, they have not given me an opportunity to prepare the case and I am not familiar with the procedure in Alabama, but I merely came down here as a friend of people who are interested and not as paid counsel, and certainly I haven't any money to pay them and nobody I am interested in had me to come down here has put up any fund of money to come down here and pay counsel. If they should do it, I would be glad to turn it over to counsel, but I am merely here at the solicitation of people who have become interested in this case without any payment of fee and without any preparation for trial, and I think the boys would be better off if I step entirely out of the case according to my way of looking at it and according to my lack of preparation of it, and not being familiar with the procedure in Alabama.

At the hearing for a new trial on June 5, Mr. Roddy, attacking the attorney for the International Labor Defense, stated that he was glad that he did not represent any New York organization. Mr. Seligmann suggests that it is only due to the early connection of the N. A. A. C. P. with the cases that there is in the transcripts of record the basis for an appeal. These records may be the only basis for an appeal that the Negro boys have, but these transcripts, more plainly than anything else, bring out the fact that the boys' defense at the trial was half-hearted, or at least thoroughly incompetent. One thing that must stand out impressively, not only to the lawyer but to the layman as well, is that Mr. Roddy did not sum up for his clients in any one of the four cases. And although he admitted himself to be unprepared, he did not ask for an adjournment in order that he could prepare a defense. The N. A. A. C. P. is taking unction unto its soul for having furnished the boys such legal defense as they had at the trial. Surely it must at the same time bear the blame for furnishing them an attorney who—looking at the cases from the purely legal standpoint—failed to take objections and thus waived almost all the errors committed at their trials, to the serious prejudice of the defendants' rights.

The N. A. A. C. P., through Mr. Seligmann, speaks of the eminent counsel with which it is now prepared to furnish the defendants, and the competent legal services that the Association has at its disposal. I venture to suggest that it was not until the International Labor Defense called attention to the incompetency of Mr. Stephen Roddy, the trial attorney retained for these defendants, that the N. A. A. C. P. bestirred itself to obtain competent legal services for the Scottsboro defendants. In other words, it was pressure brought to bear on that organization by the criticism of the International Labor Defense that served more than anything else to arouse the N. A. A. C. P. to a sense of its responsibility for the Scottsboro boys.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the time that Mr. Seligmann wrote, it may have been true that some of the boys had retained the N. A. A. C. P. I believe that at this time every one of the nine boys, and a relative of every one of the boys who has a relative, has joined in retaining the International Labor Defense and its attorneys.

New York City. CAROL WEISS KING.

Station WEVD

SIR: New Republic readers of course know of WEVD, the Debs Memorial Radio Station. With all its faults, due mostly to lack of equipment, it has been the only avowed mouthpiece of *minority opinion in the Eastern states—the only station interested* in carrying on education toward a new world.

This is its critical hour. Between now and June 30 we must raise from $40,000 to $50,000, which experts assure us will give us adequate equipment. In that case the government will, we think, renew our license.

A plan for a university and newspaper of the air has been adopted. At a certain period of the day one of the ten editors to be chosen will comment on the day's news. Special features, interviews, dramatic reviews, definite news on social and economic questions, will be broadcast at definite hours. The university of the air will offer four or five courses at a time, these courses to be set up and sponsored by the different organizations. They will last from four to six weeks each and have four or five fifteen-minute periods a week with suggested readings, essays and examinations for the use of the radio listeners.

We seek subscription pledges to preferred stock, none to be paid unless at least $40,000 is pledged, and definite assurance of renewal of license is at hand from the Radio Commission. We also seek subscriptions to common stock at $5 a share. Common stock is offered only to members of one of the minority organizations, such as the Civil Liberties Union, League for Industrial Democracy, peace societies, trade unions, Socialist party, Brookwood Labor College, Conference for Progressive Labor Action.

Experience has always proved that minority groups interested in peace, effective political action, etc., cannot depend on the purely commercial station, even if they could afford to pay their prices. We need a newspaper of the air and a university to educate the public to a new social order. It is now or never. Checks or pledges should be made payable to the Debs Memorial Radio Fund, Inc., in my care, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

New York City. NORMAN THOMAS.

A Revue for Unemployment Relief

SIR: Since unemployment relief seems to be at a standstill because it has no available money to work with, and since legislation for the appropriation of funds is slow and uncertain, would it not now be practicable to mobilize the "natural resources" of time, talent, energy, imagination and property? Since these "natural resources," when employed, are as truly capital as dollars and cents, might they not be equally productive of "feeding power"?

In New York City this idea is being applied in a project for the relief of unemployed writers, actors and artists. In this case the medium of coöperation is the production of a Broadway revue. Those connected with the revue who have capital in kind will lend it, and those who need jobs will receive salaries. A theatre has been donated, rent free, for two weeks, to go on a percentage basis after two weeks. The services of management have been donated. Skits and songs have been lent for the duration of the production (full copyrights to be retained by authors and composers). And a number of stars have offered appearances for various lengths of time. The object is to create a productive enterprise that will in itself give jobs, that will be a source of money (not a "benefit" which functions once and then ceases), and that may carry on as an agency for the investment of talent and the distribution of its profits for unemployment relief. The project is being sponsored by prominent sociologists, dramatists, journalists and actors.

EMILY C. HAMMOND, Secretary.

New York City.

Summer School for Workers

SIR: The Barnard Summer School for Women Workers in Industry is facing a serious situation. Now in its fifth year, this school is planning to enroll sixty women this summer from the factories of New York, for a seven weeks' course. Never has the school received so many applications. One hundred women have applied and are eager to come. In addition, a new group of forty men have become interested through the girls who attended last year, and are also applying for admission. . . . Most of these workers are unemployed. . .

The Barnard School is short of funds to take care of this unusually large number of applicants. Many subscriptions have been cut this year; others have been withdrawn entirely. The committee in charge of the School must decide whether to carry it on this summer with a small number of students, or close it entirely.

The course at Barnard is similar to that given at Bryn Mawr or in the other summer schools for workers. It includes the study of Economics, English and General Science, with small classes and a tutoring system. Every student receives a scholarship covering instruction and two meals a day for five days a week. The students live at home in New York City.

As an experiment with a type of school adapted to the needs of workers in a large industrial center, this school is unique. We need help in order not to disappoint these unemployed workers who are hoping to attend this summer. Contributions may be addressed to me at 218 Madison Avenue.

HILDA W. SMITH, Chairman, Joint Committee, Affiliated Summer Schools for Women Workers.

New York City.

Liberalism and Ohio State

SIR: I eagerly awaited the issue of June 10, anticipating your denunciation of Ohio State over the recent outrage perpetrated upon the person of Professor Miller.

As a former Ohioan I blush—mentally—that such acts still occur in a state that naïvely fancies itself outstandingly liberal. As you stated, the future of a man of Professor Miller's caliber is assured, but my concern for the University is great.

I sincerely hope that righteous indignation will prompt intelligent members of the Ohio Alumni soundly to protest this indignity and, if possible, prevent such a deplorable recurrence.

New York City. HELEN S. LAMPE.

Sex in Education

SIR: I am preparing a serious book on "Sex in Education," designed to reveal the actual facts and to help along civilized innovations in this field. I would welcome concrete factual information on such subjects as the following:

1. Actual sex and social-hygiene education in schools and colleges today.
2. Attitude of educational authorities toward sex problems.
3. Attitude of school and college authorities toward petting, dancing and the like.
4. School and college rules and regulations relative to sex and social intercourse.
5. Attitudes and rules relative to prostitution and venereal diseases, especially treatment of students detected with venereal disease.
6. Dismissal of students and teachers for unconventional behavior.
7. Repression and tyrannization over teachers in regard to social life and sex behavior.
8. Treatment of sex education and experience in parochial schools.
9. Any reliable factual information on sex experience of college and high-school students which may have been gathered by questionnaires and the like.

Facts rather than opinions are desired. All personal matters submitted will be kept confidential on request. Letters should be addressed to me at 64 Willington Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y.

New Rochelle, N. Y. LEON K. BYRNE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dos Passos' Gifts

In discussing the general problem of writing novels about American industrial life, Granville Hicks first treated the bland conservatism of John Hay, then the disillusioned liberalism of Robert Herrick. Neither novelist, he said, was successful in handling his chosen material. Were their social attitudes to blame? And, he asks in this concluding essay, has John Dos Passos discovered an answer to the problem they signally failed to solve?—THE EDITORS.

AFTER the Civil War, most novelists devoted themselves, not to the themes which might have been suggested by the country's rapid industrial expansion, but to the life of the frontier, or of quiet rural sections, or of genteel streets in long established cities. The decade since the World War has shown a somewhat analogous, though less clearly defined, development. Such writers as Dreiser, Lewis and Anderson, by winning a large audience, may have given the impression that their kind of writing dominated the period; but the literary historian of the future is likely to find the decline in influence of these writers more significant than their popularity, and to note as the most characteristic and important development of the period the rise of such forces as the new sectionalism, Southern agrarianism, Humanism, and neo-Thomism. The impulse to record industrial America, to reveal its evils and work for its improvement, the impulse that moved through the novels of Robert Herrick, has in great measure spent itself; and the desiderata of large numbers of contemporary poets, novelists and critics are formal excellence, individual perfection and metaphysical enlightenment.

Most of the younger writers today find their themes in those areas of life, past or present, that are untouched by industrialism. John Dos Passos is an exception. And yet we cannot understand him without realizing that he too has felt, and felt strongly, the desire to retreat from the existing chaos and find refuge in the kind of life in which security reigns. When Martin Howe dreams of monastic calm in "One Man's Initiation," when John Andrews plans a romantic tone poem about the Queen of Sheba in "Three Soldiers," when Fanshaw Macdougan longs for Renaissance Italy in "Streets of Night," they express an impulse with which their creator is not unfamiliar. When Dos Passos speaks in his own person, as in "Rosinante to the Road Again" and "Orient Express," he shows how much he prefers *lo flamenco* to the qualities cultivated in industrial centers, and how much nobler he finds the life of Eastern deserts than that of Western cities. His very longing, in those post-war years, to visit Spain and Asia Minor is evidence enough of the strength in him of the emotions he shares with the writers who have turned their backs on "the twilight madness of cities, the wheels, the grinding cogs, the sheets of print endlessly unrolling."

But John Dos Passos has not turned his back. He has confronted every aspect, no matter how hideous, of contemporary life. Finding much that is hateful in that life, he has cast his lot with those who stay and fight, not with those who run away. His books show that as early as 1920, and probably earlier, he was contemplating the possibility of changing the social order. But something more than doctrinaire radicalism has kept his attention fastened on things as they are, some quality of mind, combining the ruthlessness of the scientist and the sensitiveness of the artist. "Rosinante to the Road Again" helps us to define the quality: here is a man hastening to Spain after the horror of the War; once there he seeks not to lose, but to find, himself; he studies the labor movement as well as peasant life, occupies himself with thoughtful books as well as beguiling adventures, discusses Spanish problems as well as Spanish wines. Compare this book with "Castilian Days," and you will see that Dos Passos is not likely to be deceived as John Hay was; Dos Passos has the ability to see things for himself.

He returned to America, still trying to see for himself. The results are in his books, "Manhattan Transfer" and "The 42nd Parallel," and in his two plays, "The Garbage Man" and "Airways, Inc." In only one of these works, the second play, has he directly dealt with the factory system, and even in "Airways, Inc." the strike is a secondary theme, subordinated to an account of commercialism triumphing over courage and hope. But as a picture of the kind of life industrialism has shaped, Dos Passos' books are unequaled. The many strands woven together in "Manhattan Transfer"—stories of actresses, journalists, bootleggers, lawyers, business men, politicians—combine in an overwhelming picture of megalopolitan civilization. In "The 42nd Parallel" the lives of a Wobbly, a stenographer, an advertising man and an interior decorator—characteristic products all of twentieth-century America—unroll before a curtain painted with sketches of persons and events of the nineteen-hundreds. In both books Dos Passos catches, as no other author has done, the peculiar quality of life in our era—the new forces and their effects on men's thoughts and actions.

To this resolute contemplation of American life, he has brought—and otherwise, of course, he would not be important—qualities not incommensurate with the task he has undertaken. He has, in the first place, the kind of poetic imagination that lies behind almost all first-rate prose fiction. I do not mean that Dos Passos is an important poet; on the contrary, I find only three or four poems in "A Pushcart at the Curb" that are even moderately distinguished; but he looks at people and things as a poet would look at them. This gift, as applied to the description of objects, is seen at perhaps its highest point in "Orient Express," pages of which, without any of that straining for picturesque effect so common in travel books, thrust their scenes upon the reader's mind with a vividness that cannot be ignored. But his projection of character is quite as poetic, in the broad sense, as his description of places. What could be more richly, more persuasively imaginative than the presentation in "The 42nd Parallel" of the flow of Janey's mind during the canoe trip? Even in "Streets of Night," which is surely Dos Passos' poorest book, the description of Wendell's progress from bar to bar, ending with his suicide on the bridge, has that kind of unchallengeable authenticity that is the sign of a true creator.

In the second place, Dos Passos is a radical. This is important, not because his social views color his novels—though they do—but because his communistic theories give him a definite and advantageous attitude toward the material he works with—since the communist, unlike the liberal, wholeheartedly accepts industry and all its natural consequences, rejecting only those features of our order that derive from the private ownership of property. John Hay, as we have seen, could not understand the workers, nor is it likely that any of the concrete facts of industrialism, aside from the flow of dividends, were ever real to him. Robert Herrick saw many of the evils of capitalism, but his fundamental impulses were opposed not merely to capitalistic control of industry, but to industrialism itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neither attitude is possible for Dos Passos. All his temperamental longing for a world of peace and beauty and security has been canalized in his determination to build such a world in fact and upon the ruins of the existing order. On the one hand, he can accept industry because he has affirmed his faith in the possibility of controlling it with reference to human values; on the other hand, he can, in a different sense, accept the chaos of modern life because he has an ideal by which he can measure it and according to which he proposes to change it.

In the third place, Dos Passos is an experimentalist. John Hay was so limited by contemporary canons of novel writing that he divided his energies in "The Breadwinners" between a conventional love story and the vigorous new theme of industrial conflict. Robert Herrick tried in his earlier work to make the well built novel serve to portray the complexities of industrialized America; later he abandoned the effort, but the loose structure of "Waste" represented a break with older forms rather than an effort to create new ones. Dos Passos has from the very first sought for a form that would make it possible for him to have his say. Just as most of his poems are unconventional in structure, and as his two plays are drastically experimental, so his novels may be regarded as stages in an attempt to create a new kind of prose fiction. In "Three Soldiers" he hit upon the method of multiple themes and episodic narrative, the only method, if we are to judge from the failure of "Streets of Night," that can serve his purpose, and the basis of all his subsequent experiments. "Manhattan Transfer" and "The 42nd Parallel" disclose extraordinarily ingenious and skillful variations of this method. Though it is rather difficult, as one reads the book for the first time, to recognize the pattern of "Manhattan Transfer," anyone who cares to list the different episodes can easily detect their rhythm. A different and more easily defined rhythm makes itself felt in the longer episodes of "The 42nd Parallel." It would be absurd to assert that there are no forms suited to material of this kind other than those Dos Passos has created; indeed, it is impossible at this point to be sure that they are the right methods for him, to say nothing of other writers; but he is surely sound in his belief that for such purposes as his the structure of the novel must be changed, and the originality he has already shown is at least encouraging.

Not even Dos Passos' most fervent admirer is likely to argue that he has yet written the kind of novel of industrial America for which we have waited seventy years. A good many episodes in "Manhattan Transfer" and "The 42nd Parallel" are left on the journalistic level, untouched by any poetic insight, unrelated to any centralizing vision. Sometimes, especially in "Manhattan Transfer," the author's single-mindedness is betrayed by the intrusion of personal dilemmas; sometimes the characteristic futilitarianism of the age creeps slimily across the pages. Always there is the feelings that complete mastery is just eluding Dos Passos' fingers, that he just falls short of the insight that would make us say, "Here is America; we have seen all the things this man describes, and yet we have not seen them; we have known all the elements of this America, but this America we have not known."

Such reservations must be made, but there is no need of dwelling upon them. Already Dos Passos' accomplishments are more important than his failures, and his promise is perhaps more important than his achievement. For he seems to be pointing a way; he seems to be finding a path where conservatives such as Hay and liberals such as Herrick found none. His acceptance of industrialism, it now seems safe to say, is the advantageous approach; his experimentalism is the right technical attitude; his poetic imagination is an essential attribute. Of course the statement of such a formula is perfectly easy, but to have written the books that not only suggest the formula but also give it concreteness and validity is enough to place Dos Passos high among contemporary writers.

And perhaps we need to be reminded that, whatever happens to our social order, whether industry continues under private ownership or is taken over by a communist regime, the necessity for humanizing the machine will remain. Not all the problems of maladjustment can be solved by a change in the basis of control, nor can the elimination of injustice guarantee the development of a rich culture. There will still be tasks for the creative imagination, tasks that Dos Passos helps us to face with a firmer resolution and a steadier hope. GRANVILLE HICKS.

Invisible Exports

England's Crisis, by André Siegfried. Translated by H. H. Hemming and Doris Hemming. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 320 pages. $3.

The Natives of England, by Henry Woodd Nevinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 286 pages. $3.

ONE OF the most engaging spectacles of modern times is the anxiety, the desperate hopefulness, with which Continental Europeans await the collapse of the British Commonwealth. This hopefulness has been fostered by the British themselves; for have they not always been the first to insist that, when faced with a crisis, England would "muddle through"? How skillfully the muddling is conducted often escapes the notice of England's critics, who point out, disparagingly, that England produces able administrators only because she has dire need of them. Ever since the beginning of the nineteenth century the Continent has waited for England's decline, certain that the exploitation by Englishmen of their geographical advantages and mineral wealth, together with the reshaping of British society to permit of that exploitation, is proof that the British are lacking in foresight. Now, with clarity and restraint, M. Siegfried brings down to date the Continental indictment of British opportunism. His conclusions are unflattering but not unjust, for M. Siegfried is one French economist who manages to be an economist first and a Frenchman afterward. When he touches upon post-war British morale, he writes as a Frenchman; but when he discusses economics, he writes as a citizen of the world.

Today, says M. Siegfried, the English are suffering because of the defects of their qualities. Their financial integrity, their individualism, their high standard of living, their devotion to sports, free trade and the cult of the gentleman—all those qualities which fostered, and were fostered by, the growth of the Empire, have now become liabilities upon the British Commonwealth. The pound sterling has been stabilized on a par with the dollar, thus enabling London to retain its world leadership in finance; but this refusal to join in Europe's post-war inflation of currency has crippled England's export trade. The industrialist pays for the triumph of the financier. England's center of gravity shifts from Manchester to the City, "invisible exports" by wire disperse the nation's working capital, and British merchant ships are forced to go out in ballast. Employers and holders of real property are taxed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beyond the limit to maintain the unemployed; and those who have employment will not hear of a cut in wages. Rather than risk a social revolution, British statesmen are content to follow the lead of City financiers. The Dominions are allowed to fall away; and, without a struggle, England now gives over her commercial supremacy to the United States. According to M. Siegfried, Continental Europe expects that world affairs will henceforth be dominated by a tacit partnership between England and America: a partnership in which American commercial and industrial vitality will receive a brilliant seconding from the British flair for diplomacy and international finance.

M. Siegfried comments extensively upon the weakening of moral fiber which has handicapped Englishmen in all their undertakings since the War. He speaks subject always to correction by future events; for Frenchmen have learned caution from their recent dealings with *les milors anglais*. However, he believes—and Mr. Snowden's latest budget bears him out—that high taxes over a period of years have taught Britons of the upper class how to defer, if not to evade altogether, the payment of their obligations to a democratic State. The lower classes, thanks to the dole, are fast becoming mendicants by conviction. From the French point of view, devotion to sport is the opiate of this people, regardless of rank. Lastly, the ideal of a gentleman contributes to the lowering of the national vitality; for "a gentleman, we must realize, never strives too much; it is not considered the thing."

With the workings of economic determinism, Mr. Nevinson has slight concern. He says: "In thinking of England . . . I should prefer to leave to gloomy prophets and mournful prognosticators the easy task of making us tremble with fears, regrets and dubitations." His "Natives of England" sets out to be an ironical soliloquy upon the "rough islanders" who live south of the Tweed. Actually, what Mr. Nevinson has put between covers might serve admirably as substitute for a quiet week-end in Wilts. The level talk turns easily from the vices of aristocratic landowners to the heroisms of life on deep-sea trawlers, and returns to cite Dr. Cosmo Lang as an advocate of free discussion about sex. At every turn the author reaches down some favorite book and reads out an apt quotation. What Mr. Nevinson has to say is seldom profound; but from the commonplace itself he extracts a residuum of irony. Doubtless, if M. Siegfried were asked to comment upon Mr. Nevinson in particular, he would repeat his opinion of the generic Englishman: "One can never be quite sure that he means what he says."

GEORGE LIBAIRE.

Our Greatest Judge

Mr. Justice Holmes, edited by Felix Frankfurter. New York: Coward-McCann. 241 pages. $2.50.

THE IMMEDIATE reflection on reading this collection of essays called forth by the career and personality of Mr. Justice Holmes is surprise that so many critics from different points of view should arrive at so unanimous a conclusion. They find many things to say of various aspects of Justice Holmes's work. Benjamin N. Cardozo and Learned Hand write as fellow judges; Professors Frankfurter and Wigmore, as professional scholars of law; Harold J. Laski and Josef Redlich, as political scientists; Morris R. Cohen and John Dewey, as philosophers; Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, Walter Lippmann and Philip Littell, as literary critics, with reference to Justice Holmes's background and bearing, conversation and style. Yet they all agree in finding the significance of Justice Holmes's career in an attitude which is the immediate expression of his character. Their joint volume offers remarkable testimony to his integrity, and to the inspiration which it brings. They all write with the dignity and distinction befitting a noble theme.

That fundamental attitude may be summed up as a belief in life in relation to a destiny which has not been revealed to us, a "trust in life," as Judge Hand puts it, "in man's assertion of his right to be, in that old Adam who, from the first flicker of sentience and in the midst of the appalling tragedy of existence, has striven to endure, and in spite of all still goes on." Judge Hand adds the comment, "A New England rearing is not the likeliest background for such notions." Perhaps not, but Justice Holmes comes of a New England generation which had a peculiar place and a special experience. Born in 1841, he followed the group in which the stubborn Puritan stock flowered into genial beauty—the generation of Emerson and Channing, of Longfellow, Whittier and the first Oliver Wendell Holmes. Of his own generation were President Eliot, Phillips Brooks, William and Henry James, Charles Eliot Norton, Henry Adams, Henry L. Higginson—the generation of the Civil War, which cut short the lives of so many of his companions: Robert Gould Shaw, Wilder Dwight, Theodore Winthrop and Charles Russell Lowell, whose fate the present Justice, as captain in that battle-torn regiment, the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, so nearly shared. It was in a Memorial Day address at Harvard that Justice Holmes spoke the most eloquent words of his career, telling what the Civil War meant to his generation. Miss Sergeant quotes two of his sentences: "In our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given to us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing."

In analyzing the development of this fundamental attitude, Professor Dewey finds three outstanding ideas: "belief in the conclusions of intelligence as the finally directive force in life; in freedom of thought and expression as a condition needed in order to realize this power of direction by thought, and in the experimental character of life and thought." These beliefs are emphasized again and again in judicial opinions whose refreshing air of reality is stressed in Professor Frankfurter's discussion of Justice Holmes's twenty-five years on the Supreme Court. In regard to the regulation of commerce by Congress he notes: "Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Justice Holmes insists on the need 'to think things instead of words.' To him 'commerce is not a technical legal conception, but a practical one, drawn from the course of business.'" Concerning the application of the Fourteenth Amendment to the several states, he quotes: "There is nothing that I more deprecate than the use of the Fourteenth Amendment beyond the absolute compulsion of its words to prevent the making of social experiments that an important part of the community desires." From the dissenting opinion in the Abrams case, in which the defendants appealed against a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment for circulating Communist leaflets, he quotes: "The best test of truth is the power of thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market. . . . That at any rate is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment as all life is an experiment. . . . Only the emergency that makes it immediately dangerous to leave the correction of evil counsels to time warrants any exception to the sweeping command, 'Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech.'"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The contributors to this volume do not always agree with Justice Holmes's views. Professor Morris R. Cohen, for example, comments on the "questionable doctrine that the possession of great wealth . . . means . . . increased power, and this leads to a greater production of goods consumed by the many." He hesitates "to follow Justice Holmes when he speaks as if the cosmos had purposes to which we must subordinate ourselves." But all agree in recognizing the fundamental attitude which makes Justice Holmes an incomparable judge. To Professor Wigmore, looking over the list of judges of American Supreme Courts, Justice Holmes seems "the only one who has framed for himself a system of legal ideas and general truths of life, and composed his opinions in harmony with the system already framed." It is a sinister comment on the working of our institutions that this supreme judicial quality has been so frequently rendered nugatory, as in the Abrams case, by the clouded minds and vulgar prejudices of his colleagues; that the greatness of our greatest judge should be revealed so often in dissent. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

North of 60 Degrees

Eskimo: An Epic of The North, by Peter Freuchen. Translated by A. Paul Maerker-Branden and Elsa Branden. New York: Horace Liveright. $3.

"ESKIMO" is a sport in literature, and there is little probability of its like being done again in our generation, or ever. To match it a novelist would have to take fifteen years off from his writing and live a life that would make garret existence seem elegant. And an ethnologist would have to become a novelist, leaving behind his data sheets, speech recorders, cameras and other equipment and living longer with his subject than he has become accustomed to since his science has invented its labor-saving apparatus. "Eskimo" is a whole ethnology in a novel. It gives a more complete description of a remote people than any anthropological work I have ever read. It does so, I think, because it has the integration of a good piece of fiction. It has continuity and organic form, whereas anthropologists have failed to develop a method of presentation far enough removed from the catalogue.

Considered only as a novel, "Eskimo" can be rated as good but not exceptional. It has a plain, solid structure. Its characters are well revealed, but they have not the added life by which, in the great novels, protagonists become not only examples but symbols of human existence. The language is simple, but it has not the current that one feels in great writing, complex or simple. Sometimes, indeed, it stumbles. The distinction of "Eskimo" lies in its other field.

As the story opens Mala, a strong, self-reliant man, is traveling with his wife Iva, his two sons and a foster-son to the coast, to trade with whalers stationed there. He will exchange for a rifle, knives, steel needles, scissors and other manufactured goods, a large stock of furs and the favors of Iva. The temporary surrender of his wife is accompanied by little squeamishness on Mala's part. Among Eskimos a woman's chastity depends altogether upon the vanity, convenience or strength of her husband. She may be exchanged for a night (a man who refuses to do so is regarded as vain or eccentric), she may be exchanged permanently, or she may have to be given up to someone stronger than himself, a process in which the wife's troubles at parting are compensated for by pride in belonging to a more desirable male.

On the coast Mala is not happy. Here among the whites and the "civilized" Eskimos he is of small consequence. He misses his wife, who is detained during the day to sew for the ship's crew and at night to provide marital comforts for one of the officers. On the few occasions that she comes home to Mala's tent, she is skittish or dead drunk. After her last spree she falls in a stupor near the shore and is shot by a white officer out hunting, who, in the uncertain morning light, mistakes her scalp of black hair for a seal's head. Mala is given a rich consolation in goods, and he accepts, as he must, the white man's explanation. But as he returns inland he feels not only bereavement, but wounded pride and a vast new inarticulate fear of the whites. As a man without a wife, his status is lowered by Eskimo standards. When he reaches the encampment, he must both beg and buy domestic services, such as the mending of his family's clothing and traveling gear. Galled by petty humiliations, he runs amuck, seizes a woman and kills her resisting husband. The woman is a good housewife, but fat and middle-aged. A younger woman pleases Mala, who drags her into his hut and drives her husband out of the encampment. Later, when the two brothers of his first victim come for vengeance, he kills them both. Mala is now known, feared and avoided as a killer. Although he and his family must travel alone, most of the time, Mala has the somber satisfaction of being acknowledged as a powerful man, one who lives with two wives like the ancient chieftains.

In the meantime Canada has decided to set up a government in its Arctic lands. The troopers detailed to this post look for a case, hear of Mala's murders and set out to arrest him. They reach Mala, but arrive in such a state of hunger and exhaustion that they owe their lives to his hospitality. Only dimly comprehending their mission, Mala freely accompanies the troopers. At this juncture an inspector, a man with a rigid sense of police proprieties, arrives. He at once orders Mala to be shackled, and drives a new expedition inland to collect evidence. Mala finds an opportunity to escape, spoiling the dog-team equipment so that immediate pursuit is frustrated. After a frightful journey alone, he returns to the encampment where he has left his family. His wives and his possessions have been taken by other men. A new murder recovers them. Then he leads his family into new country, which I assume to be Baffin Land, out of the orbit of white influence. His family, however, ache to return to the whalers. As Mala's foster-son and his own sons grow up, they rebel. The foster-son abducts the younger of Mala's wives; the older son leaves to take a wife among Eskimos of a different tribe. His younger son dies, gored by a musk ox. Mala, now an old man, left alone with his old wife, returns to the whaling coasts. Crossing the frozen sea, the ice cracks beneath them and the current drags them under.

The intrusion of white civilization is decisive. Mala's resistance to it, magnificently sustained, has cost him the peace of his family and finally his life. Eskimos who resist less succumb more easily, by personal degradation and by the relaxation of that maximum of physical effort which alone has adapted them to Arctic conditions. At the other end of the continent, in Alaska, the government of the whites has had to train Eskimos to become reindeer herders to save them from extinction.

Freuchen's description of Eskimo life is masterly. It manages to do what formal anthropological exposition has never succeeded in doing more than partially, to portray the racial personality. This perhaps can be done in no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other form than that of the novel. It is a personality different from any conception we may have held of the primitive; it is as tense, nervous and "psychological" as our own. A peculiar indirectness in speech and action, a cautious suppression of personal reference, make social existence among them, as among us, an ordeal to which only superior beings can rise superior. If civilization is a disease, there is apparently no race primitive enough to have escaped its infection. It is a disease to which humanity must adapt itself as laboriously as to its crude physical environment.

One thing remains to be mentioned. This book should be avoided by squeamish readers. A mere itemized list of the Eskimo diet, which includes birds' dung as a dessert, will contain enough to unsettle the stomachs of many. It will prove, however, a minor hardship to the reader who is willing to endure something for a remarkable book.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Book Notes

HISTORY

THE EVOLUTION OF ENGLAND: A Commentary on the Facts, by James A. Williamson. *New York: Oxford University Press. 481 pages. $6.*

This is a complete history of England from prehistoric times down to the present day. The history of the national government is the central theme, but wars, changes of ministry and the private lives of kings are ignored except when they have had a permanent influence on the course of events. Much attention is given to constitutional, economic and social history, to the appearance of the country, and to the development of the Empire; science and art are almost ignored. Mr. Williamson is thoroughly up-to-date in his scholarship; he is usually accurate, though scholars will be surprised to learn that by the compromise between Henry I and the Church the king was allowed to nominate bishops, and that Palmerston was the chief author of the Crimean War. The style is graceful and sometimes vivid, but never so literary as to drown the facts. The earlier chapters of this book are the best; nowhere else, probably, could the lay reader gain a better idea of English history down to the eighteenth century. But in his treatment of more recent events Mr. Williamson lists too many facts without giving them coherence, and shows a strongly Tory and imperialistic bias.

THE MAGNIFICENT COMEDY: Days of the Directoire, by Meade Minnigerode. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 348 pages. $3.50.*

An impressionistic study of Parisian life from the fall of Robespierre to the advent of Napoleon; conspiracies, vices, fashions and amusements are emphasized, and the central figures are Thérèse Cabarrus, Josephine Beauharnais, Madame de Stael, Tallien and Barras. The book is entertainingly written, and in its main outlines reasonably accurate. This is good popular history.

VANISHED FLEETS, by A. J. Villiers. *New York: Henry Holt and Company. 297 pages, illustrated. $3.50.*

Tasmania, as the chief resort of Antarctic whalers, has played a large part in sailing history. Its virgin forests provided the materials for a short-lived but vigorous ship-building industry which put some famous vessels on the sea. Mr. Villiers allows himself to drift out of his main course to the advantage of his story. He touches on the cruelties of the convict settlements, where no burden animals were allowed because of the deliberate intention of working the convicts to death; on piracies along the creviced coasts; on the importation of "marriageable females" to help settle the settlers, and other diverting matters. The book is somewhat spoiled by its magazine manner. For the boat-book collector it will have its special appeal; for others it can be catalogued merely as agreeable, light non-fiction.

TRAVEL

DJUKA: The Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana, by Morton C. Kahn. *With an introduction by Blair Niles and a foreword by Dr. Clark Wissler. New York: The Viking Press. 233 pages, illustrated. $3.50.*

Escaped slaves, most of them adult and but a short time in the New World, took to the jungle in the second half of the seventeenth century and found the river valleys of Dutch Guiana so like their old African homes that they were able to reproduce, virtually intact, the African culture from which they were torn. Augmented by refugees from later slave shipments, they were able to stand off the white colonists and impose peace on their own terms. Like many other transplanted cultures, this American colony of Africa is purer today than the mother culture. The Djukas have forgotten their origin, and regard themselves as autochthonous. But their ritual language, called "deepee talkee," is an African dialect. (Their ordinary speech is a pidgin of English, Dutch, French, Spanish, Indian and Negro words.) Their material culture, barring a few contributions from jungle Indian culture, is pure African. Very remarkable is their wood-carving art, which, as the reader can see for himself from the generous number of illustrations provided by the author, is comparable to the finest wood carving produced in any civilization. Mr. Kahn writes concisely, and plainly, and makes able and interesting use of his material.

FICTION

THE FOREST SHIP, by Arnold Höllriegel. *New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.*

This well written and agreeable book is less in the nature of fiction than of a lyric outburst on the Amazon. The trick which Herr Höllriegel uses to introduce an imaginative description of the voyage of Francisco de Orellana down the river in 1542 is old and hoary: a party of tourists, including an old romantic from Czechoslovakia, set off on a routine excursion up the Amazon, but are held up at Para by a revolution. The remainder of the story is devoted to Orellana's adventures, which are meant to convince the inconsolable Czech that a wise man travels, but never arrives. Instead of being convinced, the Czech jumps into the sea.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, the well known British journalist, is a frequent contributor to the leading English and American journals.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER, the English author, has written "Lolly Willowes," "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" and "Opus 7," a long poem which was published last winter.

JUDSON KING, the managing director of the National Popular Government League of Washington, D. C., is a writer and lecturer on political science and economics.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS, who has done newspaper work in several midwestern cities and in New York, is now on the staff of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He recently spent some time in Scandinavian countries studying social and economic developments there.

HERBERT GORMAN, the author of several volumes of verse, criticism and biography, the most recent being "The Incredible Marquis," is at present in Europe gathering material for a life of Mary Queen of Scots.

MARTHA HIGLEY is a recent graduate of Vassar.

CATHERINE BAUER spent six months last year studying the architecture of Holland, Germany and Sweden, particularly housing and town planning, in preparation for a book which she is now writing.

WINIFRED WELLES, author of "The Hesitant Heart" and "This Delicate Love," is a frequent contributor of verse to current periodicals.

GEORGE LIBAIRE is assistant professor of English at St. Stephen's College of Columbia University.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is a poet, critic and novelist who frequently contributes to literary magazines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTION PICTURES

CENTRAL
Theatre 47th St. and Broadway.

Daily Mats. at 2:45, 50c to $1.00, Nights 8:45, 50c to $1.50 (inc. Sun.)

4th week of this epoch-making picture
AMKINO *Presents*

The Five Year Plan

"RUSSIA'S REMAKING"
(TALK IN ENGLISH)
Through Camera's eye, see Soviet progress

MAGAZINE

LATIN-AMERICAN AFFAIRS discussed every month in

CHILE PAN-AM
The Latin-American News Magazine
$2 a year—Sample copy free
THE CHILE PUBLISHING CO.
17 Battery Place Dept. R New York, N. Y.

SCHOOL

Beacon Hill School
Harting, Petersfield, England
BERTRAND & DORA RUSSELL

Applies modern knowledge in diet, teaching methods and psychology. Vacancies this autumn for children from 2 up to and including 11 years. Address enquiries Principal.

50 books EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY
(regularly 90 cents).....70 cents each, postpaid
50 books MODERN LIBRARY
(regularly 95 cents).....70 cents each, postpaid
19 books VANGUARD SERIES
(regularly 75 cents).....50 cents each, postpaid

Send for lists
THE NEW REPUBLIC BOOKSTORE
419 West 21st Street New York City

RESORTS

BETHLEHEM COUNTRY CLUB
Bethlehem Connecticut

On beautiful private lake, all athletic and water sports, dancing, golf nearby. Farm produce. Reasonable special Fourth of July week-end rate. Jewish Clientele. Booklet. Telephone: Woodbury, Conn. 48, Ring 2.

"WILLOWBROOK," located in beautiful Couhocton Valley, near Finger Lakes region, Steuben County. Open all seasons to limited number of guests desiring rest and recreation. Reservations made, prices reasonable.

Mrs. M. A. Stannarius,
R. D. No. 1, Avoca, New York

VONHURST. A Camp for Families and Adults. Center Harbor, N. H. Central Lodge, well-screened cabins, beautiful lake, sandy beach, boating, canoeing, fishing. 60-acre forest tract. Electricity, modern plumbing. Write for terms.
F. H. VONDER SUMP, Randolph, Mass.

Small Country Tea House

Unusual opportunity to spend part or whole summer in country. All modern comforts, excellent food. Convenient commuting, riding, bathing.
THE COUNTRY HOUSE
New Canaan, Connecticut.

SUMMER RENTALS

Country House, Whitemarsh Valley, 15 miles from Philadelphia, 7 rooms, 2-car garage, every convenience, lawns, fruit trees, gardens, $150 to right family for July and August. Dr. R. P. Bridgman, Flourtown, Pennsylvania. Phone: Chestnut Hill 2814.

FARM HOUSE on an untraveled road among the Berkshire foothills sixty miles from New York. Six rooms completely furnished but without modern conveniences; studio in the barn; no tennis court but plenty of flowers. $150 July 1-November 1. Address Box 604, The New Republic.

In Santa Fe, New Mexico, two room adobe house, attractively furnished, charming location. $100 July 1-November 1. If interested address: Box 606, The New Republic.

FOR SALE

Near Peekskill and Lake. Good commuting. All year round estate—24 acres. Fine early American Farmhouse, excellent condition; 3 fireplaces, 11 rooms, 2 baths, delightful attic of 6 rooms; situated on a knoll surrounded by sloping lawns—beautiful old trees, shrubberies, fruit trees, vegetable garden, gardener's cottage, barns, chicken houses, cow and horse stalls, garage. Beautiful surrounding country—must be seen to be appreciated. Can also be used to advantage as a high class inn. For quick sale, at $25,000. Address: Box 605, The New Republic.

CAMP FOR CHILDREN

PLAYHAVEN—a Farm Camp for younger children, 35 miles from Boston. Progressive education viewpoint. For really creative summer experience.
HAZEL ALBERTSON, Director
Chestnut Hill Farm
West Newbury, Massachusetts

SHARE BUNGALOW

WOODSTOCK. Young sculptress will share delightful studio-bungalow in pine woods; open fireplace, sleeping porch; has car. Ideal for writing (or loafing). Season or less; extremely reasonable. Phone mornings: Pa. 6-6381.

FOR RENT

PALISADES, Rockland County, New York. Summer or yearly. Comfortable, old, 7-room house, furnished by decorator, or unfurnished; improvements; fireplace, lawn, trees, grape arbor, commuting. Reasonable. Colton: Plaza 3-4480—Piermont 124 evenings.

STUDIO or large living-room with bath, kitchenette, equipped, furnished, serviced. $50 a month or by the week. Brophy, 20 W. 16th St., Phone: TOmpkins Square, 6-9129.

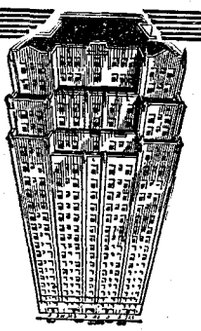
BOOK BARGAINS

We have in stock one or more copies of the books listed below, unused and showing almost no shelf wear.

	Our Price
FUGITIVE'S RETURN, by Susan Glaspell. Stokes. List $2.50	$1.25
ROADS TO THE NORTH, by Charles S. Brooks. Harcourt. List $3.00	1.50
EVERYDAY ECONOMICS, by R. M. Rutledge. Houghton. List $2.25	1.15
CAVENDER'S HOUSE, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan. List $2.00	1.10
CONSTITUTIONAL PROBLEMS UNDER LINCOLN, by James G. Randall. Appleton. List $4.00	2.00
TRAINING CHILDREN, by William H. Pyle. Century. List $1.75	.90
SEEING ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, by E. M. Newman. Funk and Wagnalls. List $5.00	2.50
AN AMERICAN SAGA, by Carl Christian Jensen. Little. List: $2.50	1.25
THE PROMISED LAND, by Ladislas Reymont, 2 vols., boxed. Knopf. List $5.00	2.50

Postage Free
NEW REPUBLIC BOOKSTORE
419 W. 21st St., New York City

Transient Rates $1.50 per day up, with bath $2 up



$8 to $14 WEEKLY

KENMORE HALL
145 East 23rd St., New York City
(Gramercy Park)
The Favored Residence of Artists, Writers and Professional people.
Club Life, Restaurant, Swimming Pool, Gym, Library. Spacious Lounges, Roof Garden. Separate floors for men and women.

TEACHER, age 32, Harvard degree, five years experience, available for tutoring mathematics, physics, American history. Willing to drive car and work about summer place. Address R. F. W., 10 Lowell Road, Brookline, Mass.

BOOKS

UNUSUAL BOOKS
Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Unusually illustrated volumes.
Send for Fascinating FREE Catalogues
THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. R,
489 Fifth Ave., New York

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH,
ITALIAN, GERMAN, RUSSIAN
Conversational method. Carefully selected Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c, short course, 9 to 9 daily, 18th year.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

PURE FOOD GUIDE

BARCELONA OLIVE OIL
Virgin pure
Analysis of purity filed with New Republic. Write for free booklet. Barcelona, c/o New Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED